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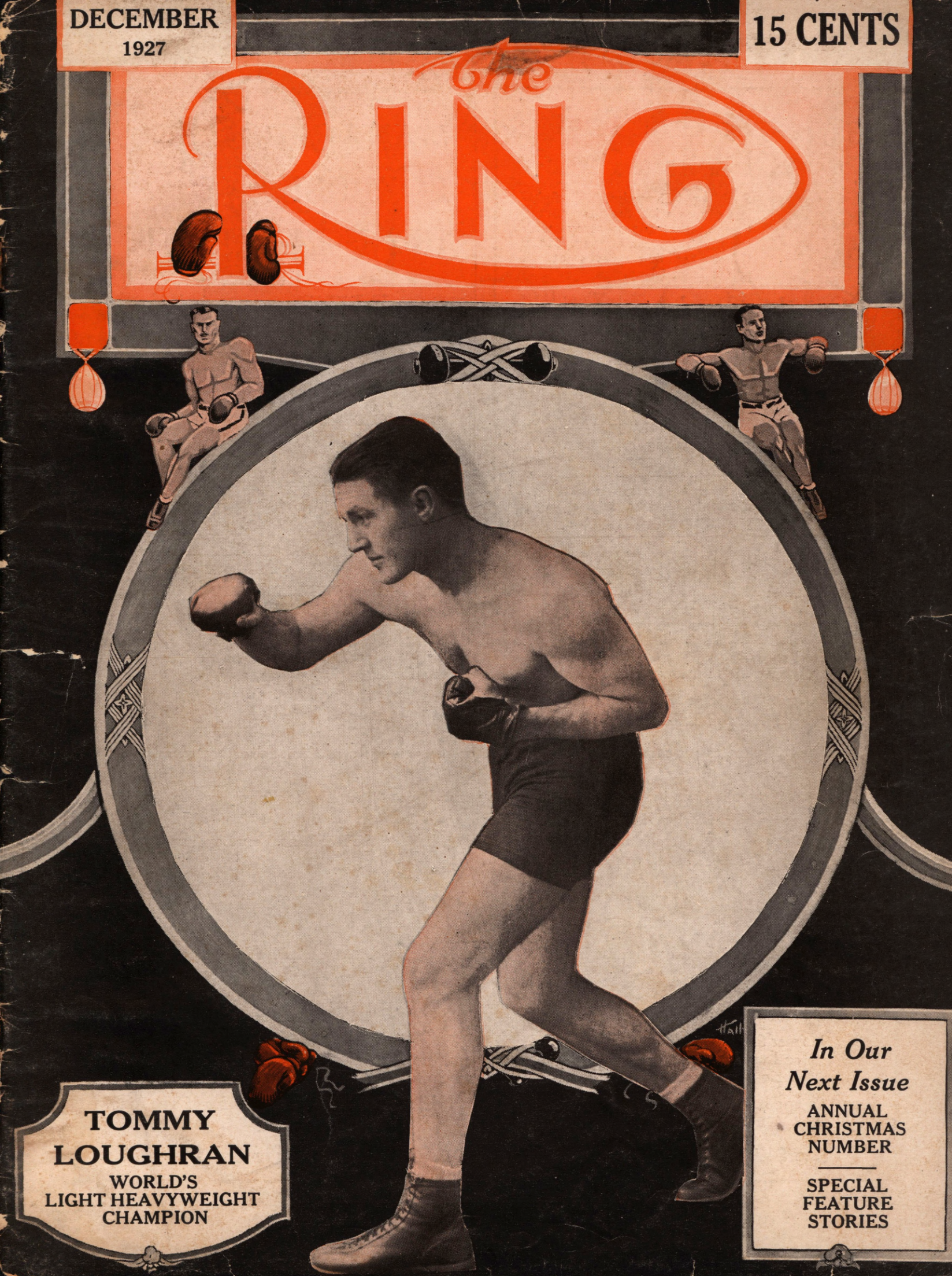

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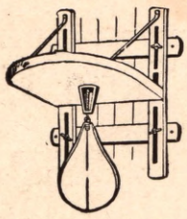

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Vol. 6 No. 11

World's Foremost

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PR

The Ring is a magazine which a man can take home with him. He can leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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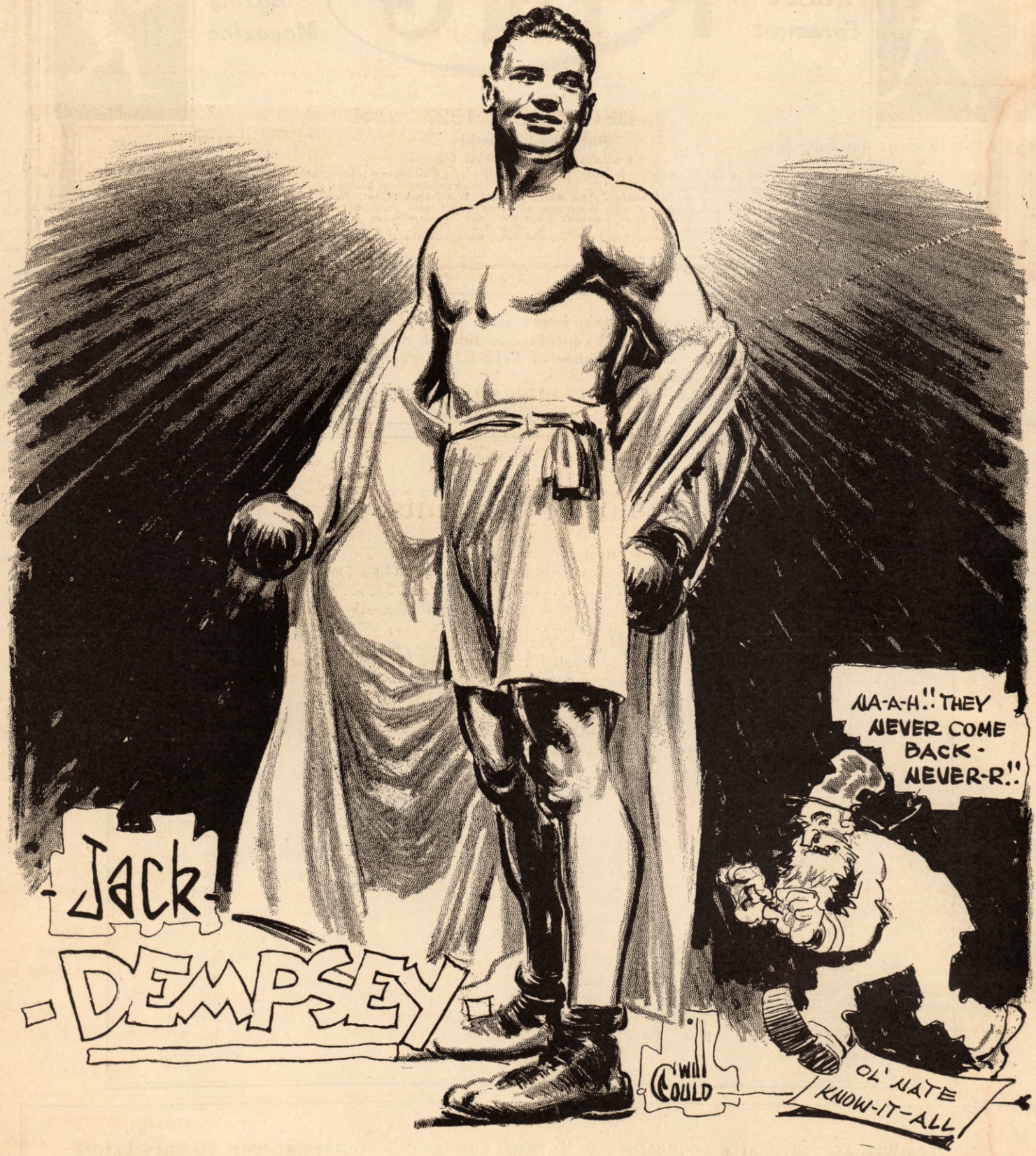
Table of Contents

	Page
Jack Dempsey—World's Greatest Drawing Card	4
Mickey Walker's Romantic Rise Continues as McTigue Goes Down—By Frank Graham	5
"Spider" Kelly, Crafty Ring General, Goes to Valhalla—By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	6
Nat Fleischer Says—Editorial—By Nat Fleischer	7
Last Round Rallies Produce Anguish for Judges—By Charles F. Mathison	10
From Newsboy to Champion—Tommy Loughran's Rise to Fame—By Francis Albertanti	11
From Diamond to Ring—By Edward Merrill	14
Jack Curley Returns to Boxing—By Tex O'Rourke	15
In a Varied Vein—By Daniel M. Daniel	16
Australia, "Sick Man of Pugilism"—By R. A. Cumes	17
Following the Fistic Trail—By Hype Igoe	18
Tom Heeney—And Things in General—By Phyllis C. Singer	20
Boxing in Europe—By Sparrow Robertson	22
Boxing News From England—By Eddie Borden	24
New York Boxing Notes—By Left Jab	25
Boxing in Cuba—By Milton Baron	28
News From Dixie	29
Gathered in New Jersey	30
News From Pennsylvania	31
From Canada and Upper New York	32
Detroit Gets on Fistic Map—By Francis Albertanti	34
New England Flashes—By Colman J. Nee	34
In Sunny California—By Theron Fiske	35
Stray Shots from Michigan—By Parson Tommy McGinty	36
In Our Question Box—By Charles F. Mathison	37

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 15 cents.

World's Greatest Drawing Card in Boxing



Boxing has had two great showmen in the last forty years. One was the Immortal John L. Sullivan, and the other is Jack Dempsey. John L. had considerable magnetic power, but in Jack Dempsey boxing has a fighter who overshadows even this hero of fistiana. There never was a boxer who could pack 'em in as can Dempsey.

Mickey Walker's Romantic Rise Continues as McTigue Goes Down

By FRANK GRAHAM

BOWLD Michael McTigue has reached the cross roads at last. The veteran sprang one surprise after another in recent years. And then came a smashing upset, with Mike himself as the victim.

Bowld Michael McTigue at the cross roads. He takes it with a smile. It is the inevitable.

And as Mike falls, Mickey Walker rises, more formidable than ever. Giving away nine and a half pounds—scaling at only 162—Walker knocked out McTigue in the first round of their encounter in Chicago. The exact time was 2.15.

The McTigue who had fought to the limit against some of the best light heavyweights in the world could not stay even one round against the middleweight title holder.

A battering attack, a swift left hook—and McTigue was finished.

Now the boxing world must reckon with Walker, whose progress within the last year has written a real romance into boxing history.

* * *

WHEN Pete Latzo took the welterweight championship away from Walker it was predicted, too freely, that Mickey was through.

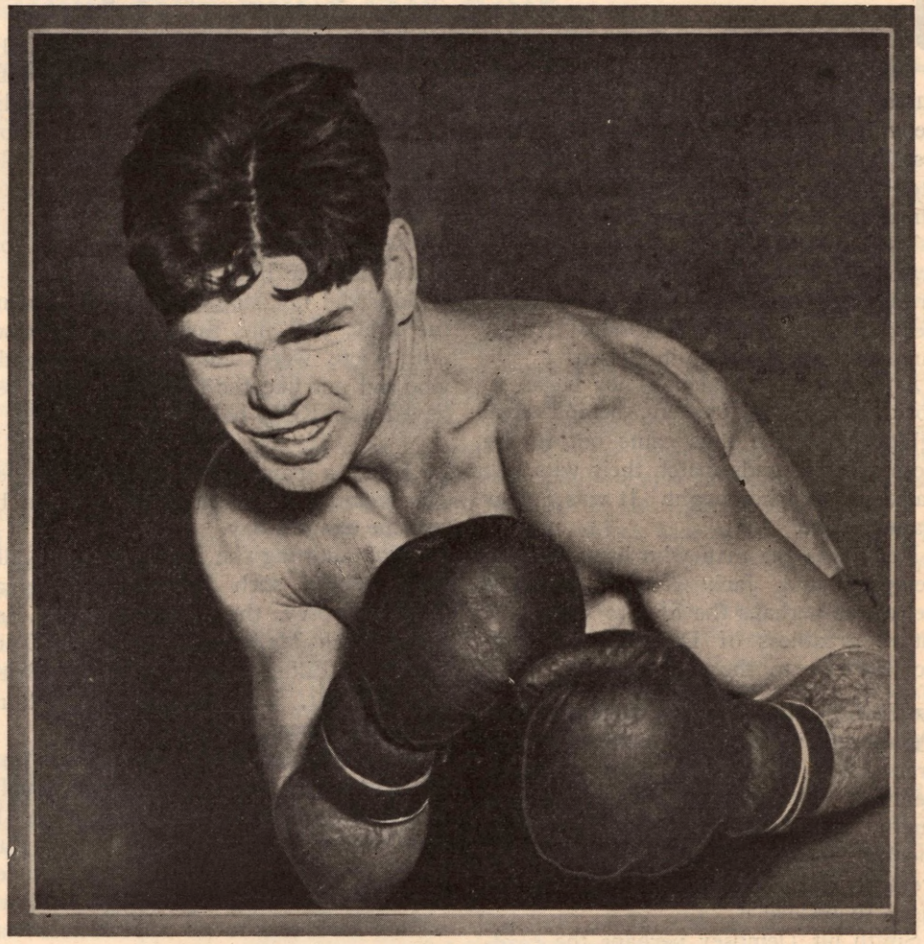
It was said that he had gone the road of all champions, lived an easy life that took the snap out of his punches and had dimmed the spark of his competittive spirit.

But Walker's failure before Latzo was merely the protest of Dame Nature. She had designed Walker for a middleweight, for a light heavyweight. She demanded that Mickey get out of the welter class.

Walker went on to take the middleweight championship away from Tiger Flowers, and now Mickey demands a say in the light heavyweight division.

Tommy Loughran finds in Walker a formidable contender despite the fact that Mickey scales at only 162 pounds.

Too much credit cannot be given to Walker for his sensational rise. Champions who are beaten rarely come back. As for coming back as the champion of a heavier class, why that usually is unheard of. But Walker has turned the trick.



Mickey Walker, World's Middle-weight Champion

* * *

HE has been welter title holder. He is the middleweight champion. And now he has his eyes on the title turned in by Jack Delaney. There was a time when Mickey thought he would develop into a heavyweight contender. Perhaps that's what Fate has in store for Mickey—though it is doubtful at this time if he will grow big enough to joust with Gene Tunney.

In any event, the star of Walker has risen anew, brighter than ever—and Bowld Mike McTigue is at the cross roads.

McTigue took the full count about a week after Johnny Dundee had taken a beating in New York from Tony Canzoneri. It was a shock to see Dundee whipped by a lad who was in his swaddling clothes when Johnny already was a ring star.

It was a shock to hear of McTigue's being knocked out by a lad who was coming out when Mike already was an established boxing factor.

However, Youth must be served. That always has been true and it always will be true.

Youth must go on. Age must bow!

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"Spider" Kelly, Crafty Ring General, Goes to Valhalla

By JOHN L (IKE) DORGAN

JAMES PATRICK CURTIN is dead.

These names may mean nothing to you. But let me explain that J. P. Curtin was the real name of "Spider" Kelly, in his fighting days one of the best lightweights in training, and in his later days one of the greatest seconds who ever stood in a fighter's corner.

They made a great team in the old San Francisco days—Spider and Tim McGrath. Together they came over from Ireland, when they were only fifteen. Together they grew up in Frisco.

And later they broke. They began to work in opposite corners, behind rival fighters—and the fans came out to see these great seconds match their wits. It mattered not who fought. It was Spider against Mike.

Kelly was the man who brought Jack Dempsey and Jack Kearns together. Kelly was perhaps the first to vision the future greatness of Dempsey and predict his rise to the championship.

KELLY saw Dempsey fight Gunboat Smith in a four rounder in San Francisco. It was the fight in which Dempsey went the last two rounds in a stupor. Jack thought he had been knocked out and when he was told in the dressing room that he had won he refused to believe it.

Smith hit Dempsey perhaps the hardest blow Jack ever has received. But despite that Dempsey made a great showing and excited the enthusiasm of Spider Kelly.

Spider Kelly was half grit and half brains. There never was a gamer fighter, there never was a craftier and trickier fighter.

This was emphasized by Kelly's twenty five round draw with Joe Gans when the negro lightweight was in his heydey. They didn't come any better than Gans among the lightweights, and Kelly had absolutely no business staying any length of time with the negro.

BUT Spider was in there with that crafty noodle of his. He began to work on Gans just as soon as they got into the ring. Kelly knew that Gans could stop him.

As they went on Kelly got a bad beating. He felt himself weakening.

As they came together close Kelly whispered to Gans: "Joe, I have had to ease on you a bit to protect my friends. They have bet that you would stay the limit with me and I don't want to double cross them. Don't take advantage of that."

"Remember, if you get fresh, you won't stay the limit. Now then!"

Gans did not stop Kelly. They went the limit and the Spider got a draw. And there were many at the ringside who did not like the decision. They believed that Kelly had beaten Gans.

SUCH a pair of handlers as Spider Kelly and Tim McGrath will not be seen in many a day.

After quitting the boxing game, Kelly went behind such fighters as original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, Kid Lavigne, Jack McAuliffe, Joe Gans, Tom Sharkey, Eddie Hanlon, Jimmy Britt, Joe Walcott, Jack Everhardt and hundreds of others.

It was Spider Kelly who saved Jimmy Britt the night that Britt fought Willie Fitzgerald in San Francisco. It was early in that fight that Fitz knocked Britt stiff with a right hander flush on the button. Jimmy went down on his back and to all appearances was unconscious and completely out.

Kelly jumped into Britt's corner and with a yell of a Comanche Indian informed Referee Eddie Graney, who had not yet started the count, that the clock was stopped. To appreciate what Kelly did, it is necessary to inform our readers that at that time they had an automatic clock which was at the end of the hall in Mechanic's Pavilion.

Kelly kept waving his arms like a madman and screamed to Graney, who momentarily took his eye off the fallen boxer and turned to look at the clock. Kelly swore that it wasn't going and while Ed Graney kept his eyes glued on the clock to see if the claim was correct or not, Britt's seconds poured a pail of water over his head and saved the day.

When Ed Graney turned back to get the start counted, he found that both the clock and Jimmy Britt were o. k.

TO illustrate Kelly's trickery, I'll mention the fight between George Herbert and Frank Rafael. Rafael had the Spider in his corner as chief second. The pair fought at a whirlwind clip for seven rounds, and at the end of that session, when the gong sounded, both stood in the center of the ring absolutely helpless, each with his arms around the neck of his opponent. The seconds of each rushed in and carried their man to the corner.

The Spider forced Rafael to stand in his corner much against Frank's astonishment. He handed Rafael the smelling salts, threw a bucket of water over his head, wiped his face and carried Rafael to the center of the ring where both stood waiting for the gong to assume activities. George Herbert was so shocked at the proceedings that he fell over in a faint over his chair and couldn't continue the fight with the result that the Spider's ingenuity won the fight for his man.

KELLY and McGrath were behind Tom Sharkey the night that Sailor Tom fought Jim Corbett in a four-round bout. Sharkey at the time was an unknown quantity and he was so dazzled by Corbett's speed that Corbett hit him a million times with rights and lefts. A left hand swing closed Sharkey's eye, and when he got back to his corner at the end of the first round he remarked to Spider Kelly:—

"I see three Corbetts out there in front of me." Spider patted the Sailor on the back and nonchalantly replied:

"That's all right. Swing at the one in the middle and you'll knock him out."

There was only one Spider Kelly. As long as I live I don't think I'll ever see another handler his equal.

May God rest his soul.

Nat Fleischer Says:

National Boxing Association Errs
Loughran, Not Slattery, Champion
Tom Heeney Gains His Spurs
Dundee Has Shot His Bolt

THE action of the National Boxing Association at its recent annual meeting in ignoring the claim of Tommy Loughran and awarding the light heavyweight championship to Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, is to be regretted. It had been hoped that this organization, comprising twenty-four states, would give to Loughran his just due, but apparently those at the head would rather play politics.

The Ring has no axes to grind. We criticize the New York State Boxing Commission when we feel it is in the interests of the sport that this be done. We often have criticized other eminent officials for what we honestly believed were gross errors of judgment and now we find it necessary to take to task the representatives of twenty-four states who permitted themselves to go on record as naming Jimmy Slattery the champion. That this was a gross blunder, is obvious when one delves into the situation and examines the records.

To our way of thinking, the action was simply one of spite to get back at New York and Pennsylvania for refusing to join the National Association. We feel, as do thousands of other boxing followers, that it would be in the best interests of the sport to have New York join the National organization, yet we also feel that failure to do so, or refusal to accept membership, should not be the cause for cheapening American boxing champions.

* * *

Could Have Had Crown

TOMMY LOUGHRAN could have become the National Association's champion, had he cared to have the title thrust at him last summer. At that time, when Jack Delaney refused to accept Tommy's challenge, the National officers openly declared Loughran the title holder but he smiled at their offer, thanked them and declared he would win his title in the ring.

This Tommy did, and what does he get for it? Nothing but ridicule from the very men who should be first to congratulate a real fighter, a credit to the sport which they rule. Tommy barred no one. He fought every light heavyweight who would accept a bout.

While Loughran fought bitterly to get Delaney in the ring, the champion kept telling Tommy to "go and get a reputation." Tommy did as he was told. When others shunned Young Stribling, Loughran took him on and beat him.

When Delaney gave up his title, he was matched with Mike McTigue, former champion. Mike on the day Delaney retired from the division, weighed 172 pounds. He then was recognized by the New York Boxing Commission as the leading contender and Loughran was ranked next in line. Not only in New York, but in Pennsylvania and other states, Loughran and McTigue were classed the leaders.

Hence when Delaney retired, McTigue, lawfully matched with Delaney, contracts signed and forfeits up, certainly was entitled to the crown. The New York Board, eager to recognize Loughran's claim, insisted that Mike accept a match with Loughran for the championship, another extremely fair and sportsmanlike proposal. The match was made and Loughran won and not by the farthest stretch of imagination can any one take the crown from him unless he loses it in the ring —not even the National Boxing Association.

* * *

LOUGHRAN was asked by the National Board to engage in an elimination tournament with Slattery, Leo Lomski, Maxie Rosenbloom and one or two others, but refused because he already had accepted the match with McTigue, whereupon, Tom Donohue, president of the National Association, pitted Slattery against Rosenbloom and handed the title to Slattery when he won on points.

Here we therefore have a fighter recognized as champion who has been knocked out by Paul Berlenbach and Dave Shade, and who at best, although a colorful battler, cannot be classed with Loughran. On the other hand, we have another boxer who has faced the toughest men in his class with success and beat the fellow who up to the time of retirement of the champion was hailed as the leading contender. Yet this fighter is snubbed by the National organization because it refuses to be "bossed" by the New York Commission.

That is the substance of it all. The New York Board has been a thorn in the side of the National Association and that is why Loughran has to suffer. This is not as it should be. The National Association is a splendid organization, composed of men who have the interests of boxing at heart and therefore these fine gentlemen should not jeopardize the sport by such foolish action.

An association like the National Boxing body, instead of hampering boxing as it has done in this case, should be the first to do all in its power to aid the sport. However, placing Slattery at the head and ignoring the best man in the division, has resulted in one thing—it has proven to the states that refuse to join the association that most of the executives of the national body must make a closer study of boxing rules and regulations before they can be acknowledged as the ruling heads of the sport in America.

* * *

"Ten Seconds" Knockout Endorsed

REGARDLESS of what might otherwise be said about the National Boxing Commission's action, its directors should be commended for their action in upholding the "ten second" knockout rule. From as far back as boxing history dates, ten seconds was all that ever was allowed a fallen boxer to arise and when, through one means or another, a fallen fighter is allowed to rest for more than ten seconds, such procedure is contrary to all boxing regulations.

The National Boxing Association is correct in saying that a boxer who refuses to go to a neutral corner can be dealt with firmly without penalizing him in the count. If a boxer refuses to obey the command of the referee, disqualification is the only proper method of dealing with him. Starting the count all over again, is all wrong. Let us have no more of this.

* * *

New York Should Join

FOR the future of boxing in this country, we earnestly hope that New York and other states not now allied with the National Association will cast their lot with this body, for

when that happens, then and then alone will the championship muddles and other intricate boxing cases be settled with full satisfaction and justice. America needs a national body, but unless that body works in harmony with all states and has the confidence of all and ignores petty jealousies, it might as well be a dead letter. Tom Donohue, president of the Association and head of the Connecticut Boxing Commission, knows the sport from A to Z and to him we look to guide his colleagues in future problems of international concern. Tom knows better than his vote in the Loughran-Slattery case would indicate.

* * *

The Champions

THE champions recognized by the National Boxing Association follow:

Heavyweight—Gene Tunney, of New York.
Light Heavyweight—Jimmy Slattery, of Buffalo, N. Y.
Middleweight—Mickey Walker, of Elizabeth, N. J.
Welterweight—Joe Dundee, of Baltimore, Md.
Lightweight—Sammy Mandell, of Rockford, Ill.
Featherweight—Benny Bass, of Philadelphia, Pa.
Bantamweight—Bud Taylor, of Terre Haute, Ind.
Flyweight—Vacant, due to voluntary retirement of Fidel La Barba, of California.

* * *

Youth vs. Old Age Over Again

TIME takes its toll in the ring. Pit youth against old age and youth will invariably triumph.

This was exemplified in the first great fight under the Marquis of Queensberry rules when John L. Sullivan was whipped by the agile, handsome Dancing Master, James J. Corbett, and to this day it still holds good. The case of Johnny Dundee furnishes food for thought. One could scarcely believe his eyes as he watched this battle-scarred veteran flounder about the ring in his hopeless attempt to "defend" his reclaimed featherweight championship against Tony Canzoneri in Madison Square Garden a few weeks ago.

It was ever thus and it will ever continue to be. Youth must be served and it is foolhardy to pit a worn-out soldier of the ring against a young, active lad, full of ambition, full of pep, with the expectation of seeing a real contest. It cannot be done and the sooner Johnny Dundee and other ring-worn veterans decide to hang up their togs ere it is too late, the better for the sport.

* * *

Dundee a Mere Shadow

DUNDEE, the boy who in his prime tackled the greatest fighters of his period, mingled in ring contests with featherweights, lightweights and even welterweights, received punishment which the Dundee of old would have warded off without any difficulty. The Dundee who made Benny Leonard, Willie Jackson, Johnny Kilbane, Eugene Criqui and a hundred more ring stars almost go through the ropes as they tried to catch Johnny on the rebound, all but toppled to the canvas as he tried to leap forward as he came off the ropes in his bout with Canzoneri.

Is it any wonder that hundreds of fight fans, with a look of sympathy, left the Garden arena before the bout was completed? They loved to remember the Johnny Dundee of the past, the fighting little devil, the jumping jack of the ring, and not the poor, worn-out gladiator who faced young Canzoneri.

We don't blame them. We have known Dundee for many years and to us, Johnny was an idol. We cherished his friendship because he gave 100 per cent. or full value to the fight public every time he entered the ring.

The Dundee who came back and handed Willie Jackson a terrible lacing after Willie scored the only knockout Johnny has ever suffered, is the Dundee we want to remember. The Dundee who fought Benny Leonard to a standstill in several bouts and furnished the fans of a decade ago with real ring fireworks, is the Dundee we like to associate with our ring thoughts.

Let us forget the Dundee who fought Canzoneri, for he was just a mere shell of his former greatness and if properly advised, would never have faced his youthful rival or any other fighter. His days are over and we hope for his sake and the sake of his thousands of admirers, that Dundee will retire on his laurels. If he doesn't, Johnny will have another K. O. chalked up against his name and we are not so certain but that he will even find himself in need of medical attention.

* * *

Should Settle Dispute

TO Tony Canzoneri, we offer our congratulations. He proved against Dundee a master boxer and a good, brainy fighter. By defeating Dundee, he at least paved the way for a fight with Benny Bass to decide the world's featherweight championship.

While Bass is the recognized American champion because he whipped the leading contender,, yet the fact that Dundee retired undefeated and then entered the ring against Canzoneri at 124½ pounds, gives Canzoneri a chance to dispute Bass's claim.

The only way to settle this controversy and give to the world a champion whose right to the crown cannot be questioned either here or abroad, we feel is for the managers of Bass and Canzoneri to waste no time getting their charges together. Financial arrangements should be of secondary consideration.

Isn't it worth losing a few thousand dollars for the privilege of holding a world title—an undisputed championship? We think so. Get together, boys. Here is a chance to show true sportsmanship. Stop your bickering and fight it out in the ring.

* * *

Tom Heeney Makes Good

TOM HEENEY continues to go forward. This New Zealander, whose pleasant smile and soft spoken words have gained him thousands of followers, has again demonstrated that "fight" is his middle name.

When we saw Tom abroad just before he sailed for America, we asked him why he didn't stay in England and try to win the championship of Great Britain.

"I'm tired of chasing around trying to find an opponent. I know I can lick Phil Scott, the recognized champion, but his manager won't have me. I'm going abroad because I know I can fight and if others can do so well in your country, I'm sure I can."

After seeing Tom in his workouts, we agreed with him that he could do as well, if not far better than most of the foreigners who went after Uncle Sam's dollars, and we knew he would make good because there was that sincerity in his speech which others failed to show. His was not a case of egotism. He is a fighter and he simply had sufficient confidence in himself to feel he could make good and make good he has.

* * *

Fears No Man

UNLIKE Paolino, who ran out of a match with Ed Kiely, Boston southpaw, because he had heard that Kiely was a dangerous man, Tom Heeney fears no man. In fact, he went begging for a match and was idle for almost two months because others would not have him as an opponent. Those who were shunned by the "big shots" because they were too dangerous, are the fellows Heeney agreed to tackle and to date he has come through with flying colors.

Even in his two fights with Paolino, one of which he lost and the other, fought a draw, in eyes of his followers should both have been recorded as victories.

Heeney's latest victory over Johnny Risko, the Rubber Man from Cleveland, is the last obstacle which Tom will be required to hurdle to get into the big money. He has earned the right to money bouts and from now on, he will get it. Although Tom is not a graceful nor a colorful fighter, he gets there his own way and in a most convincing manner.

We congratulate Heeney upon his progress for his successes have brought about a closer relationship between British and American boxing. We also congratulate Bernard Mortimer, his English manager, who was so fully convinced of Tom's ability that he was willing to take his chances and bring Heeney to these shores.

Finally we congratulate genial Charley Harvey, Heeney's American manager, whose splendid handling of Tom's affairs have brought the New Zealander to the front. It is about time Charley's luck had changed. Years ago Harvey was the great-

est importer of British fighters, every one of them a top notcher. His string numbered the greatest stars ever sent to this country by Johnny Bull. Perhaps Heeney's success may be the start of new life for Harvey, one of the best liked fellows in the boxing game, a man deserving of the best the sport of boxing can give him!

* * *

An Answer to Our Readers

MANY inquiries have been made regarding the attitude of referee Dave Barry in attempting to start a count over Dempsey in the eighth round when Tunney floored him in their Chicago battle. The question is asked:

"Why did Barry not compel Gene Tunney to go to a neutral corner as he did in the case of Jack Dempsey in that hectic seventh round? Do you call that a square deal? Where is the sportsmanship so often referred to? Look at the photographs in your Noember issue."

To those of our readers who have condemned the writer for his editorial in the last issue of THE RING, our answer to this question is:

Referee Barry did not have any need for sending Tunney to his corner as Gene was close to a neutral corner at the time of the knockdown. It must be remembered that the photographs were taken from an angle at a distance of 100 yards from the ringside, hence the focus was such that the photograph of the Dempsey knockdown showed Gene Tunney almost on top of Dempsey whereas Gene was at least 8 to 10 feet away from Dempsey.

Although the champion was not holding the ropes in a neutral corner as was Dempsey when referee Barry finally succeeded in getting him there, Gene, according to all rules of pugilism, was sufficiently far away from his fallen antagonist to warrant the start of a count. As we remarked in our last issue, both Tunney and Dempsey are my friends. I admire both. They are great fighters. I have always tried both as a newspaper writer, an editor and a publisher to be fair, and I shall continue to do so.

* * * * *

An Old Man's Year

THIS seems to be the old man's year. Jack Britton, Willie Ritchie, Lew Tendler, fellows who long have passed their peak, are still at it. Willie recently scored his second six round victory in his attempted comeback and according to California critics, Willie is still there. Jack Britton, despite his forty years, is far from ready to retire. He declares that it is not a question of money, but love for the game. Tendler a few nights ago knocked out Danny Gordon. There is no setting Lew down for the final count.

* * * * *

The negro race may yet have another negro champion in the event that Tiger Flowers is unable to induce Mickey Walker to give him a return bout. Jack McVey is the fellow we refer to. McVey is a classy fighter with a terrific wallop and he is going like a house afire.

* * * * *

Odds and Ends

George Courtney, hard hitting Oklahoma middleweight, has worked himself into the position of one of the three leading contenders for the crown now worn by Mickey Walker. For hitting power, there is not a middleweight in the country who has anything on Georgie.

* * * * *

Roberto Roberti, who styles himself the Italian heavyweight champion, will soon be packing 'em in at the fight clubs as is Giorgetti, crack Italian cyclist, at the Newark and New York Velodromes. Nothing like working on the pride of a nation.

Humbert Fugazy, who deserves a little of the elements of luck, may some day find himself piloting a real gold mine in Roberti who has the earmarks of a good fighter, and when that time arrives, the dear Signor intends to give up promoting with its subsequent losses and take in a few goldbacks that fall to the lot of a successful manager.

* * * * *

Tom Gibbons on "Grudge Battles"

IN the September 3 issue of the *Liberty Magazine*, Tom Gibbons, whose knockout at the hands of Gene Tunney brought an end to a brilliant ring career, discusses famous grudge fights in an article, "Do Fighters Hate Each Other?"

In this article Tom takes issue with those who feel that the so-called grudge fights are mere ballyhoo to increase attendance.

"There were more hates in the old days than now, because the leading reasons for hatred, fake guarantees and failure to grant promised return bouts were more prevalent. However, you can't stamp out the old human element, and there are even in this day of legalized contests many grudge battles," says Tom.

Gibbons, quoting his long experience with fighters, declares that ring conversation often foments grudge battles and that a fighter, when he has a chance to avenge the insult, seldom forgets it on the occasion of a return bout.

Gibbons knows whereof he speaks for he was in several keenly fought grudge battles himself, especially with Billy Miske, his home town rival.

* * *

BOXING has a great supporter in Tom Gibbons. Gibbons declares that the game is on a high level, is conducted honestly by the majority of promoters and boxers and has now taken its stand alongside other great business ventures.

Tom is kind to the sport that gave him his livelihood, and for his attitude he should be congratulated. Here is what Gibbons has to say on this point:

"Boxing is commercialized today, but I can't see why the placing of a larger premium on skill and brains isn't a good thing.

"I think it's perfectly logical that business ability should enter into a boxer's make-up. The game is supported by business men and business women. Why should they expect all boxers to be dumb-bells?

"Business men, I think, often yell their heads off for rough work and knockouts because of suppressed caveman desires.

"Ring conditions are better than they used to be. I say this knowing that my good friend Benny Leonard has recently relieved himself of a few broadsides under the title of 'The Dirtiest Game!' I haven't found it to be so."

More fellows of the Gibbons-Tunney type are needed in boxing.

* * * * *

Scott's Sorrowful Showing

PHIL SCOTT, British heavyweight champion, made a sorrowful showing in his American debut. When the announcement was broadcast that Phil was on his way to this country to tackle our leading heavyweights, we remarked in these columns:

"From our observation abroad, we shall here go on record with the statement that Phil Scott ranks as a first rater in Europe but in our opinion, he is no better than a good third rater in comparison to our fighters."

That our judgment was correct, was obvious to the 10,000 persons who flocked to Madison Square Garden to see Scott tackle Knute Hanson, and who, instead of being treated to a fight, witnessed a fiasco. Scott's terrible exhibition has done considerable harm to British boxing. The sport in England has been coming up in the last six months and the British talent has been in demand but with Scott's downfall, none but the boys in the lower weights will be welcome here for quite a while.

Those who expected to see a clever, two-fisted fighter, were very much disappointed. Even in cleverness, in which Scott, according to all reports, was a master, Knute Hanson excelled. Scott's chin seems to be even more brittle than that of the celebrated Joe Beckett. He went down six times and never had a chance. True one blow, the fourth knockdown punch, was low, yet Scott would not have been able to remain through that round hence the referee was justified in only warning Hanson instead of disqualifying him.

The punch was thrown down by Scott as he attemped to ward it over.

If the British will follow the Americans and cut out twenty round bouts, they will develop hard hitting heavies. By following the suggestion of the writer in his talk to the promoters and scribes in London last year, the British have developed a fine batch of bantams, flyweights and feathers. No longer do the lads battle for fifteen or twenty rounds. Six, eight and ten are now favored. This is what the heaviest need.

Last Round Rallies Produce Anguish for Judges

By CHARLES F. MATHISON
(Judge of Boxing Under New York Commission)

IT is quite generally conceded that differences of opinion leading to argumentation and disputation make for progressiveness, and this condition applies forcefully to the unending controversies regarding the correctness of decisions rendered in boxing contests in New York State.

Far be it from the writer to disavow the existence of erroneous decisions by himself and other judges, yet when the extraordinary number of bouts staged annually in the Empire State is taken into consideration, it must be admitted that the victors have received their just deserts in an overwhelming majority of cases.

In many instances where fault has been found with decisions, the bouts have been closely contested, and no matter how competent two men may be, it is impossible for them to agree as to the winner of each and every round in a ten, twelve or fifteen round bout. The judges are quite likely to harmonize as to the winner of a majority of the rounds, but not on each round. Naturally, if a contest is one sided everybody present can easily pick the winner.

Those best qualified to give a decision at the end of a bout that lasts the limit are the ring officials and the newspaper writers, who are advantageously seated at the ringside. Yet in every instance where a decision has been disputed by spectators, few of whom score by rounds, the newspaper critics have differed radically.

BEYOND all doubt the most fertile cause of dissatisfaction with decision in bouts that last the limit is the "last round rally."

Nearly all handlers of boxers instruct their charges to make a strong finish in the final round. Following instructions, the boxer stages a furious onslaught in the last round. Nevertheless, although he gets the applause of the onlookers, the score cards of the judges show that the opposing boxer has earned a majority of the rounds and is therefore entitled to the decision.

The spectators, especially those in the seats distant from the ring, and who have not kept a record of each round, except in their minds, express their displeasure by vocal abuse of the judges. If each spectator kept a record of every round and wrote the name of the winner, it is questionable if there would be much loud disapproval on their part if they examined their records before starting to shout in censure.

There is one element in attendance on all boxing matches that can be relied on to denounce a decision unless their wagers are laid on the victor. If the betting contingent win wagers, their voices are not heard, but if their choice fails of the verdict they raise the roof with their howls. Those who make losing bets invariably start the vocal uproar, which drowns the applause of the fair minded onlookers.

THE writer is convinced that frequent outburst of indignation among the impartial spectators is due to misapprehension as to the rules which govern judges in arriving at decisions. Many are of the opinion that bouts of the present day are decided under the Queensberry rules. Nothing could be further from the facts. The Queensberry rules went out of existence in New York when the Horton Law was repealed in 1900, and were succeeded by Frawley law rules and later by the Walker law rules that are now in force.

It is true that the Queensberry code in several instances forms the basis of the present rules, but there have been so many important additions that the framers of the original regulations for glove contests would hardly know their work. The rules now in force were formulated by a commitee composed of Dr. Joseph E. Raycroft, Chairman; Tom Andrews, Maj. A. J. Drexel-Biddle, Walter Camp. James J. Corbett, William Gibson, Charles Thorley, Charles J. Harvey, Jack Skelly and Charles F. Mathison.

The rules, now incorporated in the Walker law were drawn up by the above committee, and are now in force in nearly every State where boxing is legalized.

It therefore becomes of interest to examine these rules and learn the exact regulations that govern judges in making their decisions. The rule book says:

"The decisions of the judges shall be based PRIMARILY ON EFFECTIVENESS, taking into account the following points:

1—A clean, forceful hit landed on any part of the body above the belt should be credited in proportion to its damaging effect.

2—Aggressiveness is next in importance and points should be awarded to the contestant who sustains the action of a round by the greatest number of skillful attacks.

3—Defensive work is relatively important and points should be given for cleverly blocking or avoiding a blow.

4—Points should be awarded where ring generalship is conspicuous.

5—Points should be deducted when a contestant persistently delays the action of a bout by clinching and lack of aggressiveness.

6—Points should be deducted for a foul, even though unintentional, and not serious in effects.

7—Contestants should be given credit for sportsmanlike conduct, such as refraining from taking unfair advantage of opponents.

8—In order to arrive at a true conclusion every point should be carefully observed as the contest progresses, the decision going to the boxer who wins the greatest number of rounds.

THUS it can be seen that the judges are required to award a round to the boxer whose hitting is most effective, even though he may be a counter hitter, and his opponent the more aggressive. If two boxers are equal in the matter of hitting, then the round would go to the aggressor.

It will be noted that rules put defensive skill third in the list of point gainers, although that quality is very important and much admired by many followers of boxers. Yet the judges are necessarily required to score according to rule and defensive work gets little attention unless reinforced by hitting and aggressiveness.

If a good defensive boxer prevents a hard hitter from landing effectively, and in addition carries the fight to his opponent he would be credited with the round.

A boxer who continuously clinches to escape punishment loses points every round, and the same is true of the boxer who butts, wrestles, or hits low.

Possibly if the rules were understood generally, there would be less fault found with the ring officials.

From Newsboy to Champion

Tommy Loughran Reaches Goal—Gained Top by Arduous Work—Hopes to Battle Gene Tunney

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

TWO years from this writing may find Tommy Loughran perched high on the heavyweight ladder.

The likable Philadelphian, who recently dethroned Mike McTigue as world light heavyweight titleholder, beating "Bowld Michael" in fourteen out of fifteen rounds, is growing fast. He is also packing on weight. All he needs is a punch. If he should ever develop a stick of dynamite in either hand, he will make the Paulinos, Hansens, Scotts, Sharkeys and Heeneys jump over the top rope. Loughran as a boxer has everything to be desired.

In more ways than one, Tommy is a replica of Gene Tunney. If Gene retains his laurels next summer against the winner of Tex Rickard's new heavyweight elimination tournament—we believe however, it is all cut and dried for a third Dempsey-Tunney brawl—the fans most likely will see Tommy in the opposite corner to the heavyweight champion in 1929.

It is in the cards for a splendid fighter like Tommy to garner the biggest laurels in the gift of modern fisticuffs. If he makes the grade he will be the most popular titleholder who ever drew on the leather mittens.

Loughran stands an even chance of whipping Tunney if they ever meet. Five years ago when Tommy was a mere kid he held his own against Gene in eight rounds in a Philadelphia ring. To be more exact, Tommy was only nineteen years old. He made the going mighty rough for the big Marine who was then hurdling many obstacles in his path to a championship shot.

In a letter to friends written soon after he battered McTigue from pillar to post, Tommy revealed his ambition to box Tunney. Excerpts from the epistle follow:

"THERE is a possibility that within the next year I will grow into a full fledged heavyweight. If I do, it would be the fulfillment of my dearest dream if I were given a chance to meet Tunney.

"I hope to be a real champion now that I have had the good fortune to win the world light heavyweight title. I will defend my championship whenever they uncover a suitable opponent for me. Jack Delaney was reluctant to give me a chance at the title, but now in the capacity of champion I will state right now if he wants to fight me I will give him the opportunity whenever the match can be made."

Tommy Loughran

LOUGHRAN has not the latent hitting strength of Delaney, but the Quaker City lad admittedly is Delaney's master as a boxer. Matchmaker Jess McMahon of the new Madison Square Garden in New York has Tommy signed to defend his newly won laurels in Rickard's arena on January 6. It would be desirable if Delaney could be induced to return to the light heavyweight fold and give Loughran the chance he has long sought to win the 175-pound mythical diadem beyond question.

Delaney surrendered his title because of his eagerness to gain a foothold in the heavyweight elimination stakes. The New York State Athletic Commission bestowed the laurels upon the manly brow of McTigue, who in turn gave Tommy first crack.

While on the subject it is timely to state that Loughran is the undisputed titleholder and takes his place in the select circle of such great predecessors as "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dillon, Battling Levinsky, Georges Carpentier, Harry Greb and Tunney, the National Boxing Association to the contrary notwithstanding. This body will not recognize Loughran for some ridiculous reason but all fair-minded sportsmen, especially the 13,000 who saw him annihilate McTigue, are a unit in saying that Tommy is the legitimate champion.

The N. B. A. recently crowned Jimmy Slattery after the Buffalonian licked Maxie Rosenbloom. Loughran can beat "Slats" with one hand tied around his back.

OVER a plate of corned beef and cabbage in "Dinty" Moore's, the day following his victorious stand against McTigue, the suave, debonair Tommy told us the story of his life. He held his hearers spellbound as he unfolded his trials and tribulations before he had his ambition to be a champion pugilist gratified.

Some of Horatio Alger's tales fit in nicely with Tommy's rise from newsboy to light heavyweight titleholder. Before he secured lucrative matches Loughran was a jack of all trades trying his hand at pile driving, printer's ink and blacksmithing but in the end was forced to return to the resin canvas.

Tommy's handsome countenance was wreathed in smiles as he revealed how he tried to crash the world war when he was only fourteen years of age. In other words, he lied his way into a uniform. He was tall for his age, 5 feet 9 inches in his stocking feet, and he looked the part of a genuine warsman. He enlisted, was inoculated and received a ticket in Washington which took him to a Georgia camp. He was shouldering a big gun and standing last in line to receive equipment when a telegram halted his trip to France.

The officer in charge called him to one side and said his parents wanted him back home. "You're too young," Tommy was

told, "and you have no business in this scrap. But I must admire your courage. It is young men of your type who are sure to make good in any chosen vocation."

Loughran's tears had hardly dried when a train was hustling him back to his home at No. 1634 Ritner Street, Philadelphia, where he still lives with his parents, five brothers and one sister. "It nearly broke my heart because I couldn't go over there," declared Tommy. "I was anxious to serve Uncle Sam and at the same time see the world. It was a tough break."

Tommy returned to his studies at St. Monica's Parochial School and after school hours peddled papers. He carried a bundle under his left arm which was heavier than a load of bricks. Upon graduation he spent one year at the Roman Catholic High School on Broad and Vine Streets.

ONE of his best paper customers was a pugilist of some note in his neighborhood. Joe Smith was looked upon as a coming champ. Tommy used to get a thrill selling him his favorite paper. They became very chummy. The friendship between them has lasted eight years and today they are thicker than ever. Avaricious managers, please take note.

"I want to be a fighter like you," Smith could not believe his ears one night when Tommy broached the subject.

Loughran got the fever after watching Johnny Kilbane give Joey Fox a boxing lesson. It was six months after this fight that Tommy begged Smith to try him out. Joe took him in the cellar of his home which he had fitted up into a trick gymnasium. While training for a fight Smith would use his pupil for a sparring partner.

Smith didn't want to discourage the kid but he didn't believe he would ever master the fine points of the game. Finally he got up enough courage to tell Tommy he would be better off if he went to work. "Fighting is not an easy racket," Smith said. "I wish I could get out of it. I'd advise you to stop right now. You can't make the grade."

Loughran refused to heed his master's advice. Instead he went out and matched himself with a boy named Eddie Carter. The bout was staged in the Auditorium. Tommy scaled 138 pounds. Smith was worried sick the night the fight came off. The youngster however, gave Smith the biggest thrill of his life when he flattened his opponent in two rounds. Tommy was just turning his seventeenth birthday and he made merry with the $25 purse. This bout was staged in December, 1919. Little did he dream that eight years later he was to receive $8,500 which he got out of the McTigue bout.

"I WAS an outcast at home when mother learned I had become a fighter," Tommy said. "Father and my uncle, however, did not object. Dad is a great fight fan and so is Uncle Mike."

Tommy engaged in seven more scraps at $25 each and eight at $50 per. He was beginning to accumulate a nice bankroll.

In many of his early victories which he compiled via the kayo route Tommy owned a terrific right. He couldn't use the left to save his life. So Smith did the next best thing tieing the right hand around the back and forcing him to play around with the left, hooking and jabbing. It was not long before Tommy was pecking out the eyes of his opponents with his fine southpaw delivery.

Because he couldn't get engagements fast enough Tommy went to work as a pile driver for the Atlantic Refining Company chopping trees with his 140 pounds of muscle. He had grown an inch in height from the day he enlisted in the war. This work helped to strengthen his arms, legs and shoulders. Tiring of this he went to work as a printer's devil.

THE next job he tackled was in a blacksmith's shop where he hung on for eighteen months. This arduous labor helped him develop his wrists.

Between his various jobs, Tommy found time at night to drop in a fight. His earnings helped to keep the old wolf from the Loughran door.

It was not until 1922 that Smith threw him in with some of the topnotchers. His record shows that in his first twenty battles he scored ten knockouts. He was an apt pupil and by the time he was ready to take up the game seriously he astounded Philly critics and fans alike with his wonderful speed on foot and science.

After boxing Jimmy Darcy, Fay Kaiser, Bryan Downey, Mike McTigue, Jackie Clarke, Frank Carbone and Harry Greb, Smith accepted Tunney for an opponent. Gene weighed 173, ten pounds heavier than Loughran. Tommy to his dying day will remember the Tunney scrap as the hardest fight he ever had, or ever hopes to have. At the tap of the first bell Gene unloosened a terrific right hand smash which almost dropped Tommy into the arms of Morpheus. It took him three or four rounds to recover from the dynamic effects. Only his youth and flaming heart helped him to go the route.

BEFORE the Greb and Tunney shots, Smith and Loughran decided to make a trip to New York in quest of a few shekels. They had a few bucks between them, $50 to be exact. They hired a room on the fifth floor of a house on 125th Street. Tommy went to work in Grupp's gym. The trips up and down the stairs was good "road work" for the fighter but pretty tough on Smith. Work was hard to find.

At the end of one week Joe and Tommy figured it best to return home. They became very hungry with an hour intervening before making a train. A hash house on the avenue begged them to come in and dine very cheaply. They counted their resources and discovered they had enough left after buying return railroad tickets to satisfy their appetites.

After ordering steak and potatoes Joe thought up the bright idea of giving the bankroll a recount. As the husky waiter with a load of tobacco in his mouth blurted out—"Two steaks and—" Smith begged him to cancel the order. Joe discovered he was fifty cents shy. "Make it two soups instead," Smith begged the waiter's pardon.

"Hey chef," howled the waiter, "dem's a couple of cheap skates. Dey want soup, not steak." The soup tasted mighty fine—you'll agree with them if your bankroll has ever been lean.

TOMMY electrified his Philadelphia followers time and again with some of his exhilarating performances. He

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fought the late, lamented Harry Greb six times and McTigue thrice before he finally coaxed him into the championship setto. He boxed Jeff Smith two no-decision contests. In one of the Greb fights in New York fifteen rounds for the American light heavy title Tommy was given the well known "works." As a matter of cold fact Tommy was given a bad deal in every one of his six losing scraps.

We didn't know until Tommy let it out, that for several months he acted as one of Greb's sparring mates. Tommy also graciously acted as a sparring partner for Jack Dempsey at Atlantic City last year before the Manassa Mauler dropped his title to Tunney. The newspaper men at the camp couldn't believe their eyes as they saw the light weighted Tommy smack Jack all over the place. Dempsey's made over nose was forever tripping into Tommy's vicious left jabs.

The few work outs Tommy and Jack engaged in made some of the onlookers unload on Tunney. For helping out Jack Tommy didn't get a sou. That will give you an insight of Loughran's kindliness. He's always doing something for somebody else and tickled to do it for nothing.

Another rough, tough fight Tommy engaged in, was with Georges Carpentier on June 17, 1926. Tommy's mother was inveighled to listen in on the radio His father, brothers, sister and uncle occupied ringside seats.

In the first two rounds Tommy was pasting the tar out of the plucky Frenchman. It sounded like music to Mrs. Anna Loughran's ears. Then came the dreadful information that Georges had planted a right swing on Tommy's eye which raised the optic to the size of a baked apple.

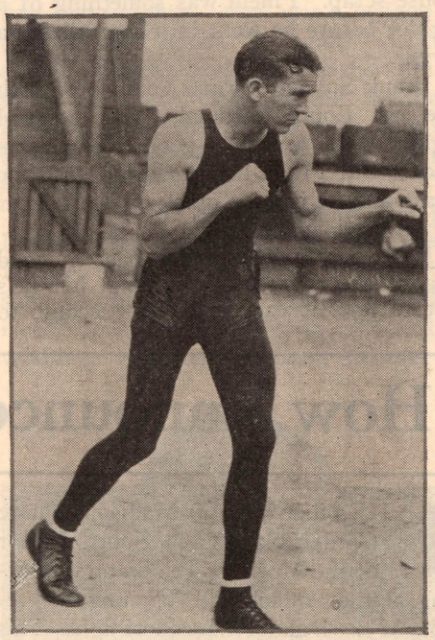
The announcer also informed the invisible audience that "you could hang your hat on it." Mrs. Loughran was so scared that she begged to be escorted home. Carpentier's top lip was puffed out an inch.

JOHN LOUGHRAN, 57 years young, is a motorman in the busiest section of Philadelphia. Be dad, he is mighty proud of his valiant fighting son. He worships Tommy. But he wouldn't give up his job if Tommy won the heavyweight championship and made a few million. He goes to all of his boy's fights along with Uncle Mike Haley. Tommy's father recalls vividly the slam bang fight waged between Peter Maher and Jack O'Brien.

Whenever the boys hail Motorman Loughran with "your son is sure to be a champion," he replies: "Shure, you can't beat the Irish."

Tommy celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday on November 29. His five brothers are George, school teacher; John, machinist; Joe, bank clerk; Eddie, college student and Charlie is in the grammar school. His sister Catherine is taking up art.

His mother was happy in the thought that Tommy, her third son, would some day be either a lawyer or priest. She has been disappointed in him ever since the day he laced on the gloves. But she is proud of him because he never gets



Young Schools, of Richmond, Virginia. He is a lightweight of promise.

hurt and is a dutiful son living with her and attending to every want.

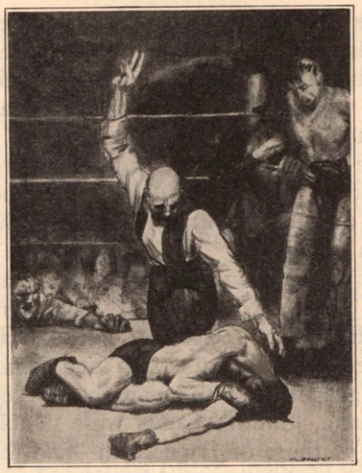
Like Tunney, Tommy says he isn't going to get married until after he is dethroned as heavyweight champion which means that Cupid will have to take a back seat for four or five more years so far as Loughran is concerned with matrimony.

Tommy had a trainer outside of Smith for the first time in the McTigue fight. Jack Brady made a good job of it.

Over a stretch of a little under eight years, Loughran has engaged in 105 battles, scoring sixteen kayos, four draws and turning in thirty-seven victories. This year he whipped Young Marullo, Johnny Risko, Joe Lohman, Tom Kirby, Young Stribling, Marullo again, Benny Ross and then topping them off with a clean cut win over McTigue.

One of his worst fights was with Marullo upon which occasion the experts agreed that Tommy was washed out. Nothing was further from the truth because only a few weeks later he astounded the same critics with his marvellous performance in winning the light heavyweight title.

TEN —AND OUT!



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By ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

With a Foreword

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From Diamond to Ring

By EDWARD MERRILL

IN the Spring of 1926 a husky miner by the name of Jack Smith reported to the New York Yankees in their training camp at St. Petersburg, Fla., and announced that he was ready for a job as a catcher. Smith had done some great hitting in the Mid-Atlantic League. But as a catcher with the Yankees he looked a bit slow.

Smith was a wizard in strong man stunts. He bent nails as if they were wire. He tore telephone books. He splintered baseball bats with one hand, mashed grapefruit with a paw that looked like a ham. Smith's hands were double the size of those of Babe Ruth—and the Babe has no dainty paw himself.

"Why don't you become a fighter?" somebody asked Smith one day, after he had been informed of his release to the Eastern League. "A man as big and as strong as you should be a pretty good ring man."

This gave Smith an idea—and recently he made his boxing debut. He knocked out a heavyweight by the name of Corri—and now Jack Smith, the catcher, is Jack Smith, the heavyweight prospect.

There have been quite a few cases of professional athletes going into boxing after they had done pretty well in other endeavors. Jack Munroe was a first rate football player with Marcus Daly's copper mine eleven at Butte when Jim Jeffries came along and gave Jack a chance to break into the fighting game. Munroe is listed as a miner, but he did precious little mining. He came to Butte to play football for the millionaire Daly, who was a gridiron fanatic.

JIM CORBETT was a great baseball player—a ball player before he was a good fighter. Later Jim got offers from major league clubs, but he decided to specialize in the ring and let his brother Joe attend to all the ball playing for the Corbetts of San Francisco. Joe was a top notcher with the famous old Baltimore Orioles.

Pete Latzo, former welterweight champion, was a dandy ball player before he reached his peak as a fighter. Pete played on semi-professional teams in Pennsylvania and attracted the attention of big league scouts. But he too refused to foresake the ring for the diamond.

Baseball has quite a few scrappers in its ranks. But they confine their scrapping to baseball. Babe Pinelli, former third baseman of the Cincinnati Reds and now in the Pacific Coast League, is a good two fisted customer in a club house scrap. Pinelli was something of a fighter before he went into baseball for a living.

Frank Snyder, former Giant now with the St. Louis Cardinals, was a good fighter when aroused—good a few years back. But Frank has mellowed with the years and he isn't so quick on the trigger as he used to be.

Jack Smith seemingly has a good chance to progress in the ring, but he's got to take it easy and not succumb to the lure of over-matches.

He is big, he is powerful—in fact, too powerful. He is covered with knots of muscles. He is fast for so big a man. Behind the bat he is comparatively quick.

Smith has acquired considerable knowledge of the finer points of boxing and bids fair to jump ahead of men who have been campaigning in the heavyweight ranks for the last two or three years.

With more experience this former catcher of the Yankees should be a good card. Those who have seen him in action think he possesses enough to enable him to make progress. He lacks science but has a hefty wallop.

How Announcer Saved His Job

THE other night in Madison Square Garden, Sam Taub, Sports Editor of the Morning Telegraph was sitting at the "mike" and detailing the results of the Dundee-Canzoneri fight. This assignment, which carries with it a $25 fee for the evening, is made each week by Billy Muldoon of the New York State Boxing Board.

The announcer, before entering on his evening's engagement, is warned by the commission that he must not tell his audience who is winning, nor must he mention blood, nor must he criticize referee or boxers. In other words, he must make the affair look like a real, honest-to-goodness parlor contest.

Well Sam, who is a close admirer of Canzoneri and had picked him to hand Dundee a shellacking, lost his composure in the seventh round when Dundee's nose began to bleed profusely, and shouted into the "Mike."

"Dundee's nose is bleeding. It is a most unusual experience for Johnny. The blood is choking him. His face is all smeared and he looks as if he came out of a slaughter house."

A few seconds later, Sam was tapped on the shoulder by genial Dan Skelling, Deputy Boxing Commissioner, who remarked:

"Too bad, Sam. Commissioner Muldoon is at home to-night and he is listening in on what you are saying. You know how he hates to have his orders ignored. I don't think you'll ever get this assignment again."

Whereupon Taub smiled and pulled this one during the intermission following the next round:

"Ladies and Gentlemen. It might surprise you to learn that the great William Muldoon, the Grandest man in the Boxing Game, the fellow who is responsible for the high standard boxing enjoys today throughout the nation, is missing from his usual seat here tonight. He has a little cold and has decided to listen in on the radio.

"Governor Smith has made no mistake by twice reappointing this veteran sportsman to the commission. There is not a man in the world who knows more about boxing than Billy Muldoon."

Commissioner Jim Farley, sitting behind Sam, heard the praise and with a broad grin remarked:

"Well, Sam, your job is saved. I think you'll be assigned to the 'mike' regularly."

It certainly pays to be "diplomatic."

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Jack Curley Returns to Boxing

By TEX O'ROURKE

JACQUES ARMAND SCHUL, better known to the sporting world as Jack Curley, the man who a few years ago was recognized as the Tex Rickard of his time, has returned to the sport which made him famous. Followers of present day sporting news know Jack Curley as the man who promotes wrestling matches, the fellow who brings the pachiderms from near and far and lets them tumble all over themselves to the enjoyment of the spectators.

But to the followers of sporting news of a decade or more ago, Jack Curley is identified with the big things in pugilistica. For some unknown reason, some say it was New York politics, Curley was relegated to the ranks of the "has-beens" when Tex Rickard came on from the West to assume control of boxing in the metropolitan district. Jacques, he with the ever beaming smile, was sentenced to serve as mahout for his herd of trained wrestling elephants.

Many a good wrestling show he conducted and many foreign stars did he control, but the yearning for the ring was ever within his system and the hope that some day he would be able to get back in the game he loved so much, never left him.

Takes Over St. Nick Rink

A FEW days ago, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow walked into *The Ring* office. The man was Jack Curley. He had come to wish the publisher success in his new quarters and to announce, through the columns of *The Ring,* that he had acquired the lease of the St. Nicholas Rink and that henceforth he would conduct boxing shows each Monday in the arena made famous in the Frawley Law days as the scene of many a hectic combat.

"I'm going to run a little club as a nursery for future greats," Jack smilingly remarked. "Perhaps I may branch out. That all depends. At any rate, I'm going to stage some lively shows."

And so the man who promoted the Johnson-Willard bout, the Johnson-Flynn battle, the Dempsey-Fulton, Moran-Willard, Leonard-Lewis and other big contests, in addition to managing or part managing the great Tommy Ryan, George Gardner, Jimmy Gardner, Mike and Jack Twin Sullivan, Jim Flynn, Georges Carpentier, Battling Nelson, John Willie, Frankie Noel and Gus Fredericks, has come back to the scenes of his early triumphs.

Fredericks and Noel were Curley's first two fighters. Noel was a bellhop in the Planters Hotel, St. Louis. Curley and Fredericks were dishwashers in a restaurant next door to the Southern Hotel. The three used to train in Mike Mooney's Gym on the top floor of the Burlington Building.

"No, I wasn't a waiter along with Joe Lannin, the millionaire, in the Adams House, Boston," declares Curley, "as some stories have it. I was a dishwasher in St. Louis and proud of it. From dish washing I graduated to floor manager of

Jack Curley

the dining room at the Southern. I used to seat the diners and try to make them 'feel at home.' "

Jack can always make one feel at home. Kind words and a smile are part of his make-up.

CURLEY once tried his hand at fighting, but soon was cured. He tells an interesting tale of his start with the mitts.

"Yes, I was a fighter once. But I did not suffer long. I was quickly cured. You see it was like this.

"I thought I was pretty good with my fists when I was breaking into the promotorial game in Chicago. I had knocked out Jack Tierney in four rounds in Converse, Ind., and had stood up well in a four round exhibition bout with Jack Root at the Galveston flood sufferers' benefit at Tattersalls in Chicago.

"I was promoting a bout in Racine, Wis., between Bob Long and Jack Clancy. I had boxed with Long in the Board of Trade gymnasium in Chicago and seemed to be able to handle him. So when Jack Burke, manager of Clancy, tried to hold me up for $750 the morning of the contest I told him he could accept the twenty-five per cent. agreed upon or beat it out of town. He beat it.

" 'What are we going to do now?' wailed my partner, Paddy Carrol.

" 'Why, I'm going on against Long myself,' I replied.

"I did. I learned then and there that boxing a fellow in the gym and fighting him in the ring are two different things. Bob put the lights out on me in the fourth round. It was a right hand swing behind the ear, they tell me. Sometimes I think I can feel it yet.

"Anyway, Long cured me of the mistaken idea I held that I was a fighter. I promptly decided to confine myself to the promotorial and managerial end of the game, and here I am, still at it after 20 years."

(*Jack Curley has written a graphic description of the famous one-round battle between Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher for the Christmas issue of* THE RING. *Don't miss it. It is full of thrills. You'll enjoy every line of this story.—Editor's Note.*)

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In a Varied Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

WHO is next for Gene Tunney? Billy Gibson hints that Tom Heeney, the Aussie, is being groomed for a shot at Gene next summer. If this does come to pass it will not be THE shot. Tunney may take Heeney on as a preliminary to a bigger match.

For the bigger match,—Who? Will it be Jack Dempsey again? Will it be Jack Sharkey, the Famous Victim?

The signs and portents all along the line point strangely to still another Tunney-Dempsey fray. The dispute over the celebrated long count will not down. Dempsey insists that he is not through with the ring—and it's dollars to doughnuts that he will not stay in to fight minor leaguers.

"I STILL am in the ring," insists Johnny Dundee. After seeing Johnny take a beating from young Canzoneri I would say that Dundee is about ready to call it a career. Hang up the gloves, Johnny. You have done your bit and done it well.

THE New York Commission has abandoned its revised belt line plan and will let Nature continue to dictate in this little matter.

After the furor which came in the wake of the Dempsey-Sharkey affair the New York solons decided to lower the belt line in a pretty curve. It mattered not that Dame Nature had established a definite belt line when she assisted in the debut of Adam in the Garden of Eden.

The New York Commission experimented with trick trunks. But the trunks did not help.

Again it has been proved that it is futile to attempt to improve on nature or to revise her plans.

FROM Chicago comes the merry quip that Tunney is to fight under the direction of Jim Mullins. Jim is a dandy fellow and he is a fine promoter—for Chicago.

Tunney would be goofy to quit Rickard, who made him—who gave him his big chance and landed the title for him.

IF only the various Commissions and such would let the Queensberry code alone! A lot of the trouble which has developed in boxing in recent years may be traced to the tendency of state and city commissions to tinker with the Queensberry rules. They cover everything, and they cover it according to the spirit of the ring.

In the long run the Commissions are forced to return to the original code and admit that their efforts to improve on it were foolish.

Let the rules alone. Just enforce them, that's all!

THE situation in the lightweight class must make the old boys laugh. Leonard, Ritchie, Cross, Nelson, Wolgast and old Jack McAuliffe gaze at the sick look of the present lightweight crop, at the blushing violet tactics of Sammy Mandell, and laugh until they are weak in the abdominal region.

"Mandell Will Fight," on a Tuesday. "Mandell Won't Fight," on a Thursday. And thus it goes. A joke!

EVERY week brings to the offices of The Ring letters having to do with John L. Sullivan. The Old Guard continues to plug for John L. and the New Guard seems to have developed a tone of scepticism with regard to the late Boston Strong Boy.

I don't care what you may think of Sullivan's abilities as a fighter. Personally, I believe that he was the real champion of his time, the howls of the Peter Jackson fanatics notwithstanding.

But you've got to admit that Sullivan was in a class by himself in his development of a Hero Worship reaction among the boxing fans—among the sport public in general.

Perhaps this will be duplicated in the case of Jack Dempsey, but I doubt it. We live in a different age and there are too many sport interests to permit of concentration on any one man.

PERHAPS in the years to come the Flaming Youth of the time will ask, "Dempsey? Why, whom did he ever beat? That bird had two shots at Tunney and lost them both."

It's hard to keep a hero up there for long. And it is going to be increasingly difficult with the passing of the hectic years.

FROM the inner circle comes the report that the net profits on the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago were less than $200,000. That is hard to believe—and yet it is quite possible. Tex Rickard had a tremendous overhead, what with those fancy guarantees to the contestants. And he was a stranger in a strange city.

The gate was close to the $3,000,000 mark and the profits should have been at least $500,000 but the cost of fighting goes higher and higher—faster than the rising tide of attendance records and pinnacles for receipts.

Rickard made an error in going to Chicago. He could have put the fight over in New York and made much more money. Tex figured that having gone strong for the Dempsey-Sharkey fight, New York would not support a Dempsey-Tunney scrap in the regal style to which it had become accustomed.

But the Dempsey-Sharkey fight was a grand ballyhoo and builder for a Dempsey-Tunney contest in New York. Rickard now talks of going to London for the next big fight but that's just talk.

Rickard belongs in New York, and the closer he sticks to New York, the better for his profits and for his peace of mind.

THERE never was a time in the history of boxing in this country when the championship situations were so muddled and so uncolorful.

This may be traced in part to the emphasis on the heavyweight championship. Apparently there is only so much to be spent on fighting every year and when a huge gob of that quota is taken away by a Tunney-Dempsey contest there is a very low tide for the lighter divisions.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing.

All photographs which appear in each issue of this book can be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 11 West 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Australia, "Sick Man of Pugilism"

By R. A. CUMES

WHAT ails Australian boxing? Not since the days of Darcy has a pugilist arisen in the heavier divisions to compare with those of our cousins, the Americans.

It is a disappointing fact that since Darcy's day our middle and heavy divisions have gone from bad to worse until today the position is as bad as it could possibly be.

A review of the sport as it is today is certainly not encouraging and reflects little credit on the part of Australian promoters who, had they adopted a more enterprising policy, would be in a position today to command the services of the best boxers America possesses.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire" and it cannot be expected that first class performers will give their services in return for tenth rate purses. The lad taking on the game cannot give of his best if his attention is divided between boxing and some other employment.

This the youth of Australia is forced to do on account of the poor remuneration meted out to them.

IT is owing to this greed that our best boxers of the past seven or eight years have been sacrificed and is the cause of the dearth of present time boxers of front rank.

The rottenness of the position cannot be better illustrated than by reference to Billy Grime. Grime, we must concede, is a splendid feather, but is not of such class that the lightweight and welter titles should also have been won by him.

Going higher up we find the position still worse. Hughie Dwyer, a welterweight rules the middleweight division. And Dwyer, is a man, who, when at his peak was whipped by a slipping Joe Welling. This battle took place four years ago in New York and Dwyer practically went into retirement for a couple of years.

Coming out again Hughie found no opposition to his candidatute for the middle title. And then we have old George Cook Ruling the heavy division. Well we have had worse than George and its certain we have nothing better just at present.

LOOKING over recent form the best boxers are to be found amongst the little fellows—"the bantams." Here Archie Cowan and Mickey Walker head the list. And although Cowan holds the crown, he was nevertheless beaten by Walker over the fifteen rounds route recently. It's as well for Archie that the battle was not fought under championship conditions otherwise Walker would now be bantamweight king.

Merv Williams has had a good run. His three victories over Mike O'Connor, Tiger Cline and Phil Krug (all Americans) have put Merv in good with the fans. And a Williams-Dwyer battle for the middle title must eventuate very soon.

In Grime's absence Williams must be given pride of place in Australian boxing circles.

And what of our visitors? Like our local performers the invaders are not of a high standard. In fact some of them have proved themselves very mediocre performers.

Syd Buxton, of England, is in the latter class. Buxton being nothing better than a preliminary scrapper.

Tiger Payne and Sunny Jim Williams still hold pride of place and in tests between the two negroes Payne holds the advantage.

CHARLIE LONG, another negro, has not lived up to the reputation that preceded his coming and he has suffered defeats at the hands of Payne, Merv Williams and Billy Harms.

Harms and Johnny Squires are two South Africans who arrived here well recommended. The latter's reputation hung on his defeat of Serg. Cook. Squires however has not set the place on fire and his one round defeat by Tiger Payne has not helped him any along the rough road that leads to big purses.

Billy Harms claimed many victories in U. S. A. and started off with a knockout victory over old man Charlie Ring. The performance could only be expected as Ring is a spent force in the hempen square. Harms' next was a victory over Charlie Long, but Billy will have to show improvement before he can be considered first class.

Phil Krug, has had but one battle and in that contest met with defeat. Krug, I should imagine has seen better days and if a title was beyond his powers, then, it certainly is getting no nearer with advancing years.

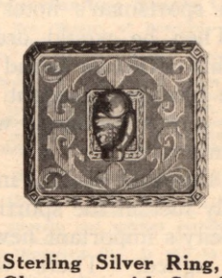
WE cannot help comparing our present champions with those obtaining but a few short years ago and I cling to the belief that better treatment of rising and fully fledged boxers produced higher class performers and a bigger revenue to promotors.

Today	Yesterday
Heavy, Geo Cook	Dave Smith
Middle, Hughie Dwyer	Les Darcy
Welter, Billy Grime	Tommy Uren
Light, Billy Grime	Herb McCoy
Feather, Billy Grime	Frank Thorn

One glance at the above table is enough to convince any follower of the sport of the terrible drop in the standard of Australian boxing. Darcy as a middleweight would of a certainty account for Cook in jig time whilst Dwyer would not be a decent sparring partner for the Redoutable Les.

Uren as a welterweight would have no difficult in taking the middle title from Dwyer whilst Herb McCoy, a lightweight, would be unlucky to lose to Hughie.

Again good and all as little Billy is, I cannot fancy any sane Judge giving him a chance against Uren, McCoy, or Thorn.



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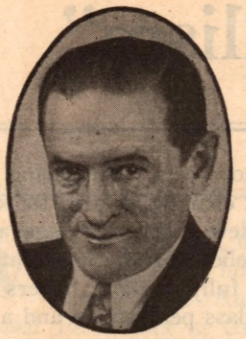

Following the Fistic Trail

Signing the Heavyweight Champion Days of the Wine Era and the Present Colorful Scenes of the Past Are Gone

By HYPE IGOE

JACK DEMPSEY came to his return bout with Gene Tunney with less noise than has ever attended the matching of one great fighter with another. He simply slipped into the spot by right of conquest over Jack Sharkey and there was so little hub-bub about it that few know right now, how he came to be matched with Gene Tunney for the heavyweight title. Certainly there was little of red and green fire, no roman candles and above all, never the popping of a champagne cork.

But then, popping champagne corks have passed on and out in connection with the signing of celebrated warriors of the ring. Time was when the best known champagne agent in the town. set the scenes for the signing bee. It was he who arranged the fronded palms around the long makeshift table. It was he who had the best known interior decorator make the signing place look like the president's stand on inaugural day.

Usually they hired the grand ball room of the best known sportsman's hotel to place their set. Then he would order great magnums of his particular brand of wine. It might be red seal, it might be white, it might be any kind but it was champagne and plenty of it.

Far back, before the wine era, the men of fistic note usually met in the sporting department of the city's important newspaper and there signed. There was always a tremendous crowd present from printers' devils to traffic cops. The streets were blocked for miles around the building and when the heroes emerged from the building there was a grand rush to touch their coats.

THEN came this wine era I speak of. Bob Vernon was daddy of the bubble parties that made the signing of Jeffries and Johnson famous. I think you'll find the photograph of that famous signing party in every pre-prohibition back room.

Vernon was the agent for Pommery and how he did spread its fame with that picture. You'll see many in that famous gathering who are dead and gone. George Consodine is there in the front row with Sam Berger and Bob Murphy. All three have passed on. Back of them is handsome Vernon himself. He's gone. Then there are Charley Van Loan, the author, Bill Rafter, Brooklyn sports editor, Honest John Kelly, all gone. It is one of the best pictures of one of these functions ever taken.

Vernon simply blanketed the country with them. You'll find your humble servant sitting in the front row next to Johnson and in front of all of us a field of champagne bottle. None of us drank,—not much!

They all went to Hoboken to actually bid and fuss round for the battle. It was there that Tex Rickard topped everybody with an offer of $101,000 for the bout. Jimmy Coffroth, the leader among promoters in those days, bid $80,000. Tom McCarey of Los Angeles bid $45,000.

WHEN I met Coffroth afterwards and asked him what he thought of Rickard's offer, he laughed and said: "The poor guy is plain nutty. He'll go broken sure. It's madness, and he doesn't know it."

"Tex" didn't go broke. As a matter of fact it was his first big money getter and started him on the road to fame and wealth.

The signing of Frank Moran and Jess Williard took place at the Claridge Hotel in New York and that too, was a high toned function though poor Vernon did not set the scenes. He had passed on. It wasn't a wine party either. "Tex" liked a little more dignity. When everything was set for the signing, they were photographed, all hands.

Pens didn't touch paper, however, it was against the law to sign for a fight in New York. They simply posed with pens poised. Then they got into cabs, made for the ferry and sailed over to Weehawken to actually sign the papers. It was all quite strange.

One of the most famous signing parties took place in the Biltmore Hotel in New York. Rickard called them together for the Dempsey and Willard signing.

Jess, through his representative agreed to take $100,000 for his end. Jack Kearns, fighting stubbornly wanted $30,000 for his man. It was tops for a challenger and Tex balked. Finally the whole matter was left to the vote of the newspaper men present.

LET these boys decide it said "Tex." Let them pass the hat and drop in ballots, whether you get $27,500 or $35,000. That will be splitting the difference and you might make more.

They took the vote and by just one slip, Kearns lost the chance to get $35,000. He went into the fight with his name signed to a contract calling for $27,500 guarantee. That was Kearn's first nip at the "big money." It made him look like a piker afterwards but if he took the short end that day, it was because he had to. He was lucky to get the match for way down deep in his heart Tex thought Dempsey too small. He hinted at it several times even after he had signed them.

It is a fact that both "Tex" and Jess Willard had planned a world's tour for the big mule driver after he had pulverized little Dempsey. Tex and Jess rode around in a big auto several days before the fight at Toledo to talk it over and there was never a suggestion between them that Dempsey would win.

George Considine used to be host at many of the famous signing bees. That was when the dead sportsman owned the old Metropole Hotel at the corner of Broadway and Forty Second Street, New York.

Considine was always ready to open his doors for these meetings and many of the famous bouts of history had their start there. Jeffries, Young Corbett, Stanley Ketchel, Bob Fitzsimmons, Terry McGovern, Jack O'Brien, Kid McCoy, Tommy Burns, Benny Yanger, Freddie Welsh, Will Ritchie, Packy McFarland and many others sought the Metropole as the proper place to bring victims to the old dotted line.

PERHAPS the signing bee de luxe was the one Rickard pulled when he made the actual arrangements with Gene Tunney which brings about the coming fight.

Dempsey of course was an unknown

(*Continued on page 21*)

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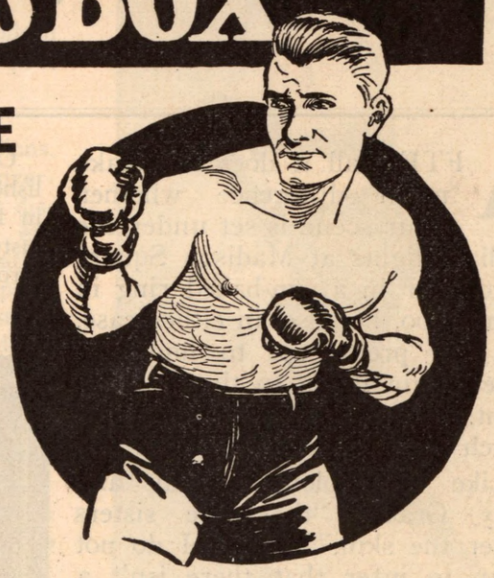

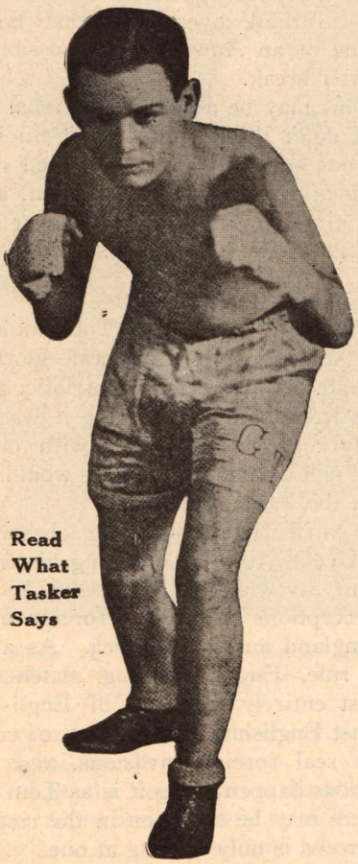

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—JEROME TURK, Goerck St.,
New York, N. Y.

Note: Turk has fought 10 exhibitions. Won 6 by K.O., 2 on decisions and lost two on points. Has style like Delaney.

"Your Course is splendid and I advise all that I come in contact with who have ambition and want to reach the top, to take it. I notice good improvement in my health, and my wind is better. Emphatically I can say I am more than satisfied with my development since taking your Course."
G. M. COWIE,
Calgary,
Alta., Canada.

Note: Cowie, now the featherweight champion of the Province of Alberta, Canada gives credit for his success to his instruction by mail from the Jimmy DeForest Boxing Course.

John Poukish Newberry Pa., writes: "I'm getting along fine. I think the lessons are great. My wind is good. One good thing about your lessons is that when you learn something, you are sure it is right. I notice a big improvement in my health."

The local newspapers hail Poukish as the coming lightweight aspirant. He has been in 8 bouts, winning all but one, the last being a draw. His opponent had 47 ring battles and outweighed Poukish 16 pounds.

"Your Course is splendid, and I advise all who want to learn the game fro mthe ground up, to take it. My general health has greatly improved as a result of this Course."
WM. MUNNELLY,
Salem, Mass.

Note: Munnelly is a middleight who has engaged in 18 bouts and never once knocked off his feet. That means he was never beaten.

"When you sent me your Certificate of your Boxing Course, you said you would be glad to hear of my progress in the fighting game. I have had five bouts and have not lost yet. The first two were draws, one with Mickey Herbert at 125 pounds, and one with Joe Domino, a Philippino from Seattle. The last three bouts I won by K.O.'s."
JOE STARK,
Winatchee, Wash.

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Tom Heeney—and Things in General

By PHYLLIS C. SINGER

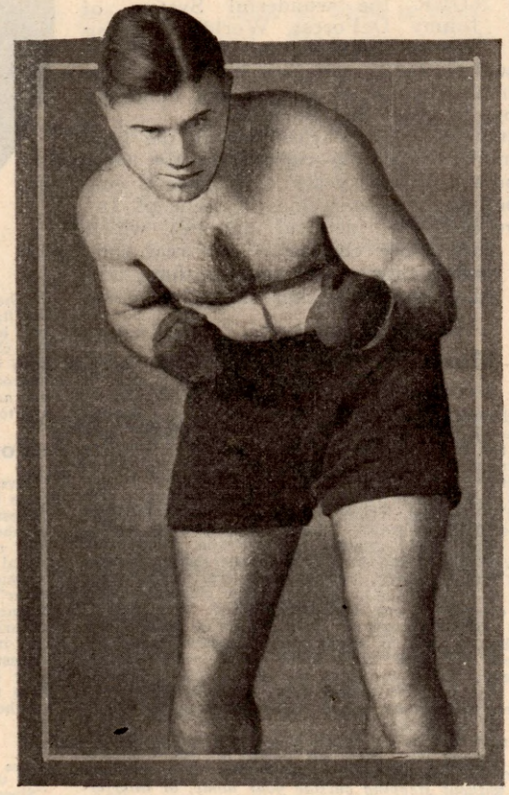
AFTER all it does not make much difference whether your scene is set under the brilliant lights at Madison Square Garden or in a sun-baked ring in Timbuctoo, because, in either case, you are pretty apt to find that boiled right down to the essential point, a boxing match is a boxing match the whole world over.

Like the Colonel's Lady and Judy Grady, "they are sisters under the skin," though I do not mean to infer that there isn't a vast difference between the ring at the Garden and a squared off space on the parched sands of that desert town. However, the difference does not lie so much in the actual doings in the ring as in the crowds that surround it.

NOT so long ago, Nat S. Fleischer, one of the leading authorities on all things pugilistic, traveled across the sea in order to make a thorough study of the European ring for this publication. His investigations were numerous, but among the most interesting of all his findings were the various ways in which the foreign crowds conducted themselves in the arenas and stadium boxing clubs. He sat at a boxing contest in a small German town where mothers unconcernedly nursed their babes and whole families, from little Oscar up to Papa, wallowed in sauerkraut and beer as you and I would wallow in peanuts and pop. Apparently this weekly go at boxing is as much a part of Herr Schmidt's life as the Saturday night movies are to Farmer Brown.

In London, Fleischer attended a match at the famous National Sporting Club of London where he sat throughout the entire evening as solemn as an owl on some extraordinary solemn occasion. Around him on all sides were gathered the young and old. Lords of the Realm, immaculate in the inevitable cutaways and toppers, for, you see, boxing is a serious business in this famous institution, and the death-like silence is only broken by occasional grunts from the ring and the rasping of rosined shoes on the canvas.

On another occasion, THE RING publisher visited Prince Albert's Hall, also in London, and here he listened to the lusty howls from thousands of Cockney throats as a large proportion of the



Tom Heeney

British citizenry frantically urged their idols on to victory. He has also heard the excitable cries of the Frenchmen around a Paris ring as well as the high-pitched voices of many Italians, raised in hysterical cheers for their favorites.

ALL this Fleischer has seen and knows, but what of the fellow up there in the ring? What, exactly, of the stranger in a strange land? With this thought in mind, we sought out Tom Heeney, South African and New Zealand champion, and, incidentally, one of the best traveled contenders for the heavyweight crown the boxing world has ever known.

"Crowds," he said, "yes, I've seen a lot of them. I've seen them in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, England, Ireland and France, but in America . . . ."

A pause here while Tom stopped to figure out what he wanted to say.

"Well, in America they are different," he continued. "You see, in England, one is very apt to get the wrong impression of an American sporting crowd. They seem to think over there that no one outside of an American can possibly get an even break.

"This may be a sort of National alibi, but I don't think so. I don't think the idea has been deliberately planted in the minds of the English people, but, at the same time, if I hadn't come over here, I'd still be thinking it myself."

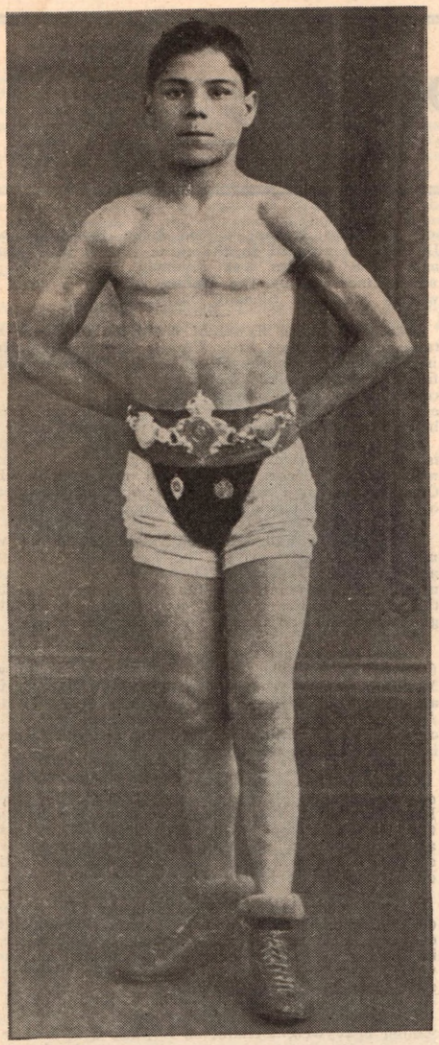
AND now? Well now Tom thinks the Americans are the best sports of them all. And this is no patriotic, press-agent ballyhooing either, for it was said simply and sincerely and with only a vague idea, that his words would ever reach the light of day.

A particularly interesting observation that Heeney has made during his travels has to do with the difference between the receptions accorded a foreign fighter in England and in America. As a general rule, English boxing matches are almost entirely made up of Englishmen against Englishmen. There are, of course, some real foreign invasions, and when one does happen along it is as Tom says: "There may be two men in the ring, but the crowd is only looking at one."

Naturally, this sort of thing makes it tough for the stranger, but in America things are entirely different.

HERE a stranger, in the strict sense of the word, is really no stranger at all, and especially so in New York. It's simply a case of Greek meeting Greek—and then a lot more Greeks. If not Greeks then Italians, Spaniards or any of the other nationalities that go to make up the population of that great city.

Pretty soon, and it does not make a great deal of difference either whether he is a good, bad or merely indifferent fighter, this "native son" has his own following, and his every appearance in the ring is loudly cheered by his countrymen. Consequently, the very thing most desired in competitive sports, is now accomplished. A feeling of National partisanship has been established, and from



John King of Rochdale, England, youngest belt holder in the world. He is the boy champion of Lancashire

all outward appearances, anyway, a good time is had by all.

By now the conversation had settled down to a discussion chiefly related to the comparison of British and American crowds. Little by little Heeney is getting a taste of real American Democracy, and apparently the more he gets, the better he likes it. Shortly after his arrival in this country, he had an experience that clearly showed him the Americans' attitude towards a champion, but, wait a minute, and let Tom tell you about it himself.

IT was just after I got here, and I happened to be working out in the gym when Fidel La Barba, flyweight champion of the world, arrived. I naturally thought that they would ask me to step off and give La Barba the floor. However, no one said a word to me, and so I went on with my work while the champion waited for me to get through.

"Now, on the other side, a thing like that couldn't possibly happen. In the first place, they don't ASK you to leave the floor, and, in the second, a fellow doesn't wait long enough to be asked. A chap over there, once he gets in the champion class, has everything coming his way. He can lord it over them all . . . and generally does.

"Do I like the American way? Indeed I do, though I must say it took me quite a while to get over my surprise."

WHILE on the subject of champions, it was only natural that the conversation should swing towards a short dissertation on some of the famous exchamps, and still more natural that it should rest for awhile on Jack Dempsey. On the night of Heeney's now historic battle with Jim Maloney at Madison Square Garden, Dempsey, still bearing the marks of his recent fight with Tunney at Soldier's Field, arrived amid one of the greatest ovations ever let loose around a prize ring.

"I never heard anything like the noise that crowd made," Heeney said. "He's certainly one popular fellow."

At this point, Jim Henessey, Tom's trainer, who up to now had been standing by listening to a lot but saying little, suddenly found he had something to say.

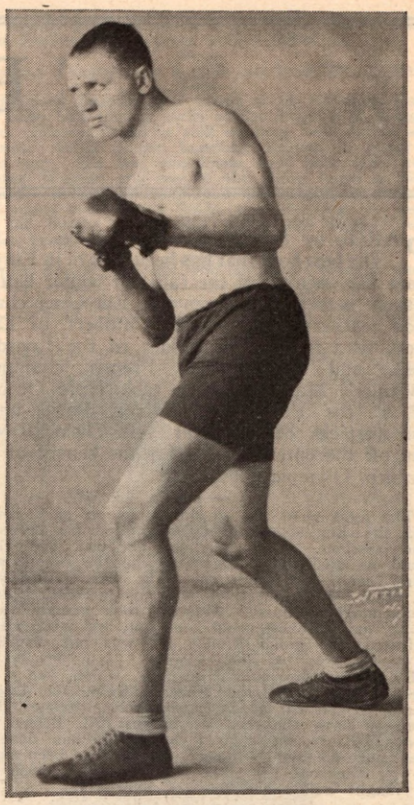
"That's quite true, Tom, but what about those boos he got the night he happened to show up at the Garden when Wills was there? There wasn't anything popular about that."

"No, I guess not," Tom replied, "but Dempsey got enough the other night to make up for all the boos he's gotten in a life time. Sometimes that's just a bit of the way crowds will go and it's hard to figure them, but Dempsey is an ex-champion now, and that's the remarkable thing about the other night."

IN all his travels, Heeney quite frankly admits that, with the exception of one experience at Brisbane, Australia, he has never personally encountered one of those old fashioned, bottle-throwing mobs whose main idea in life, once they get started, seems to be the complete and utter annihilation of the object of their disfavor.

"Anyway, that affair at Brisbane didn't really amount to much," he concluded. "Just a few bottles from the gallery where some of the boys had been taking a nip."

And that, according to Tom, is that, but to us it came in the nature of a rather startling surprise highly reminiscent of an Editor's famous definition of what constituted "news." Said the Editor, "if a dog bites a man—that is not news, but if a man bites a dog—that is news," and the fact that Tom has never been mixed up in a real fracas is not only news, but it is something that is certainly going to make it tough for his biographers.



Phil Scott, British heavyweight champion who flopped badly in U. S. debut. He was floored six times and stopped in first round by Knute Hanson.

FOLLOWING THE FISTIC TRAIL

(*Continued from page* 18)

quantity. They didn't know whether he'd ever come back or not but just to make sure, Tex got himself the best part of a private train and went out to St. Louis to meet Tunney. Gene was playing in vaudeville out there and Tex wanted to sign him for two bouts. One with the winner of the heavyweight eliminations which Dempsey had not entered, and the other with some other man if he whipped the winner of the elimination.

"Tex" brought all the scribes to St. Louis. It was high toned goings on and a good time was had by everybody including the engineer of the train. It was the last word in big time ballyhoo.

They signed out at a swell country club and Gene agreed to take on any two men in the world. If he whips Dempsey in Chicago, he still has one more man to meet to fulfill that contract.

Dempsey suddenly decided to come back and whipped Jack Sharkey. He came back only when he had satisfied himself that he was right. He simply wired Tex that all was "K O," his favorite expression for saying things are fine and dandy.

No flags, no boom booming of heavy guns, no noise. Just a simple wire which said "I'm ready to fight any man in the world." Sharkey was the first.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

PARIS, by Special Correspondence.
The best bout that has been fought in Europe since the opening of the fall and winter boxing season, was that between the European champion featherweight, Johnny Cuthbert, of England, who is also the holder of the Lonsdale Belt, and the former French champion, "Mauler" Mascart, which took place October 22, at the Velodrome d'Hiver, Paris, under the auspices of promoter Jeff Dickson, who ran off the entertainment for the benefit of the French Olympic team.

The fight went the scheduled number of 12 rounds and the English champion, accounted for seven of the sessions. Only one, which was the third, could be credited to Mascart, and the others were fairly even. Although the fight was tremendously in favor of Cuthbert, it was an interesting affair from start to finish. Mascart took gamely everything that Cuthbert could hand out, and while clearly defeated, the game French lad was not disgraced.

By the victory over Hummery, which was a few weeks previous to the Mascart fight, the English champion has earned the right from promoter Dickson, to have the next go against Al. Brown the Panama-American, colored boy, who has done so well since coming to France. Brown has been signed up by Dickson, for three fights, all of which will be fought before the first of February.

Kid Nitram, the French middleweight is a real fighter. He is the hardest puncher turned out in France since the days of Carpentier, was fighting at that poundage. And he is exceedingly clever at the same time. He has a long list of knockouts to his credit, made throughout Europe. If successful in his fight against Tommy Milligan, it is the intention of manager Dumas, to take him to the States. There will be nothing left for him to beat in Europe. He is the style of fighter which would be appreciated in America.

French Notes

Bouquillon, the French light heavyweight, knocked out Leroy, the Belgium champion, in the second of a scheduled twelve "threes" at a bout held in Paris.

I learn that Gus Wilson, the French-American trainer has signed to manage the Belgium heavyweight champion, Pierre Charles. He is the best heavyweight in all of Europe, and that includes Phil Scott and the "Lion of the Pyrenees" Paulino. He knocked the former German heavyweight champion Breitenstater, for a goal in seven sessions. Gieuseppo Spalla of Italy, he put away in two rounds. Marcell Nilles, stayed into the first minute of the second round with him.

Charles, also defeated the Holland champion, Van der Veer, twice, and he went to a draw with Humbeck, the former heavyweight champion of Belgium, who Tommy Burns now has under his wing. Charles informs me that he will sail for the States about the end of November.
With a little American experience this young giant will make it interesting for any of the heavies. Scott and Paolino, if they should be matched up against the Belgium, had better be in the best of condition. He is able now to defeat either one, I think.

Al. Dumas, the former matchmaker for Jeff Dickson is now a manager. One of his fighters, Kid Nitram, who is the middleweight champion of France, is a corking good battler. Nitram will have had his fight against Milligan the European champion, who was defeated by Mickey Walker last Summer, before this note is published. Dumas felt confident that he would stop the Scot on November 7.

Fred Bretonnel and M. Romerio had a hard ten round fight at the Salle Wagram during October. It was a prelimiary battle to find the opponent to meet the title holder. It was a rough house affair from start to finish and at the end the judges called it a draw. The two will probably meet at a longer distance later in the year.

Promoter Jeff Dickson, arranged a good fight for one of his late October entertainments at the Salle Wagram, when he matched the lightweight champion of Belgium, against Lecadre, the French ace. The fight ended in a draw The Belgian is built on the lines of the late Bob Fitzsimmons, and has an extremely long reach. Lecadre is practically a new boy but he bears watching.

Fred Bretonnel and the French Arab, Alf Ross, had a ten round fight at the Cirque d'Hiver, October 18, which ended in a draw. At outtting. Bretonnel held the upper rein, but at infighting, and there was a lot of it, the Arab, had away the best of matters.

Al. Brown, the Panama-American bantamweight, disposed of the English fighter named Ryall, whoever he is, in the second of a twelve scheduled round bout at an entertainment run outside of the Dickson promotions, in Paris during October. The affair was run off at considerable of a loss, and it is doubtful if the same promoters will care to take another chance at the fight staging game in Paris.

It is getting to be quite the thing to put up a side bet in the International matches which are held in Paris. In the Cuthbert-Humery fight, which the English champion, Cuthbert, won by a knockout. There was a side bet of five thousand francs between the two managers on the result.

In the Cuthbert-Mascart bout there was the same sized bet made. Tietard, who manages Mascart, and also the manager of Humery, is the man who put up the money for both fights with manager Johnny Sharp who looks after the English champion's interests.

Boxing keeps growing in favor throughout France. About every town has its boxing club and the boys who have fights at the big clubs of Paris, and other large cities, can keep in condition by taking on bouts in the small towns and at the same time make a little change on the side.

Promoter Jeff Dickson, has Al. Brown, signed up for three fights which will all be decided during the next three months. Brown, during his long layoff kept in the best of physical condition, and could always get in condition for a match in a week or ten days. He is a clean living young man. About the only bad habit that Al. has is trying to play the cornet. It is especially bad for the neighbors around where he lives. Al. on the other hand claims it is fine for the wind.

English Notes

Jack Allen who was one of Jack Kearns' betting commissioners in the Mickey Walker-Tommy Milligan fight, was at the ringside when "Willie" Smith of South Africa, defeated Teddy Baldock. In a letter to me, Allen wrote that Smith gave Baldock a real boxing lesson from start to finish and that to his way of thinking Smith is a second Jimmy Wilde, when the latter was in his prime.

What Allen writes regarding Smith is about right. He is a natural born fighter and he is there with the skill. I remember him at the Paris Olympic boxing, when he won the bantam-weight class from the most classy collection of his weight ever brought together and from all corners of the earth. He then showed himself good enough for the professional class in which he has recently made a big name for himself. If they want to find a real champion of the world in the bantam class, one should not be announced until meeting and defeating "Willie" Smith.

Frankie Ash, who was defeated by "Spider" Pladner, in Paris some few weeks ago, has been anxious to get a return match and he will be accommodated in the near future. Ash, recently fought a twelve round draw with Sili, a very fair Italian flyweight.

There is quite an army of Belgian fighters in England at present. Jack Hood, the Englishman defeated the Belgian, Etienne, Harry Corbett, the Bethnal Green, bantamweight won on a foul from Henri Scillie, the Belgian European champion, and Mickey Hill stopped the Belgian, Young Lefeve, in the twelfth of a scheduled fifteen round bout. The above fights all took place in October.

Johnny Curley, the ex-featherweight champion, on his farewell contest before leaving England for a tour in Australia, had a fight against a French boy, by the name of Fernand Verhaegen, who was known as a new comer from France. He was never heard of in France, to my knowledge. Anyway the affair went into the second round, and after Verhaegen, had been floored seven or eight times, the towel was tossed in.

An opening boxing tournament, which was held under the auspices of Sporting Enterprises, Ltd., at the People's Palace, Mile End, had for the star bout the German heavyweight, Ted Sandwina and the worn out French heavy, Marcel Nilles. In the third round, after Nilles had been down five times, the contest was stopped, and awarded to the German.

At the opening tournament of the season of the National Sporting Club the main attraction was a middleweight contest between Shoeing-Smith Davies, and a young Italian, named Enzo Fiermonte who Davies had stopped in the same ring a few months ago. The decision was reversed, however, in the second meeting, by the Italian winning a clear cut victory over the Shoeing battler.

Johnny Hill, the flyweight champion of Great Britain, met the game little French fighter Moracchini, in a bout held at the Queen's Hall London. After fighting eight rounds in which the French boy received much the worst of the going, and when one eye was so badly cut the referee asked the French boy if he would not retire. He would not.
In the ninth session he was getting so badly punished that the referee waved the game little Frenchman to his corner and awarded the fight to Hill. One did not know which to admire most, the victory of Hill, or the pluck of the French boy.

Frank Moody and Manager Teddy Lewis are very much displeased over the actions of the European middleweight, Tommy Milligan for sidetracking a match. Lewis points out that Moody returned from the States at the publicly expressed wish of Milligan who promised him a match for the title.

When Moody arrived from the States one of the first things that he did was to deposit $1,250 with Mr. Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club to bind a match and Milligan was informed of that fact. After the deposit had laid for over six months uncovered it was withdrawn. Milligan is certainly steering clear of Moody why?

Manager Harry Williams believes that he has a coming heavyweight champion in Jack Cox, of Exeter. Recently Cox had a narrow defeat at the hands of the Sheffield "hope" Don. Shortland. Cox is only a youngster yet, he is showing improvement after each fight. He is game, has a good punch, and he can stand lots of hard knocks.

As the victor over Alec Ireland, the Scottish middleweight, and a few other good ones, Joe Bloomfield considers that he has the right to challenge anyone in Europe at the middleweight poundage, and he is willing to give Ireland a return battle with a fair sized side bet attached.

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Boxing has always run strong at Liverpool, and the stadium there at the weekly entertainments generally plays to capacity houses. One big attraction there is Nel Tarleton, a local lad. He recently defeated Pete Howard, of London, who is a fairly good youngster.

Billy Bird, of Chelsea, who is known as the "Fighting Bushman" in a bout fought at the Ring, in London, defeated the Belgium welterweight Frankie Paul. The bout was scheduled for 15 "threes," but during the twelfth session the referee intervened to save the Belgium from further punishment and awarded the bout of course to Bird.

Len Harvey, is still going strong. His latest victory was against Piet Brand. Len is now a very fair boxer but he lacks considerable knowledge regarding infighting. He has the makings of a first class fighter, and with more experience he will develop into one.

Harry Abraham's is running weekly "specials" at Manor Hall, Hackney, and he keeps packing them in. He generally runs two scheduled fifteen rounders, and a few at six sessions. His motto is, "give a good run to the customers."

Johnny MacMillian, the clever Scottish featherweight, defeated Billy Streets, of Portsmouth, on points, in the chief contest held at one of the National Sporting Club's tournaments. The distance of the fight was 15 rounds.

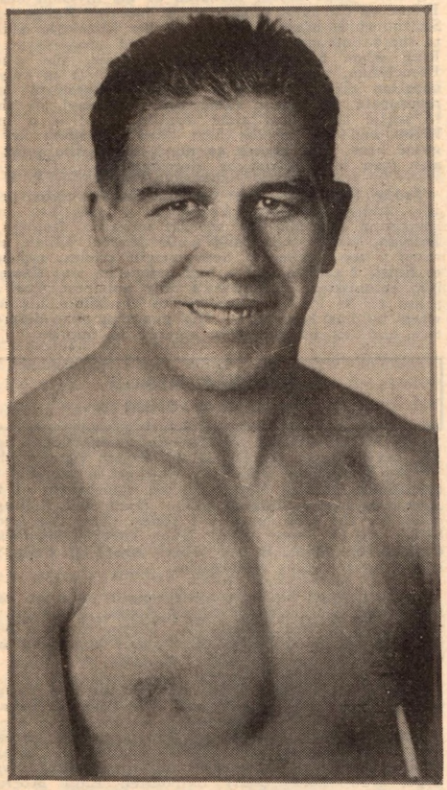
At one of the Ring tournaments Leo Darton of Belgium, defeated Frankie Brown of Bow, who returned after eleven rounds. At the same entertainment Tommy Upton, of Birmingham, defeated Johnny Edwards of Bermondsey on points, after twelve rounds of heavy battling.

Billy Stevens, of Birmingham, defeated Curzio Sala of Italy on points, at Edmonton. In another contest Joe Mullings of Catford defeated Marine Trinder, of Portsmouth in the sixth session.

Scottish Notes

Boxing is going big in Bonny Scotland. I saw some good bouts recently in Edinburgh, Leith and Glasgow. In the latter city is the Scottish National A. C., where many fine bouts are given. A really fair heavy-weight has been produced in Glasgow, his name is Bobby Shields. In a fight held at St. Mary's Hall in Edinburgh, when he was up against an Aberdeen battler by the name of Frank Kelbie, the relatives present of the Glasgow fighter, and there were many, should certainly have been satisfied with the doings of what their Bobby did to the young man from Aberdeen.

At the Scottish Stadium, Leith, which is run by Sandy M'Onie, many excellent bouts are run off. A



George Cook, who is in active training at Fred Dyer's gymnasium in London. Cook expects a busy winter campaign

good lad from Aberdeen named Steve McCall, fought there against Tommy McGuiness, of Craigneuk, in a bout which I saw. A clever fellow with a good punch in addition, has this McCall.

Scotland is beginning to turn out some mighty fine boxers. Such fighters as Tommy Milligan, and Hill, have done lots to popularize the glove game in the land o' cakes, heather and scotch.

Italy is turning out some very fair fighters these days. A bantamweight by the name of Enrico Ventui, from the sunny land, is now fighting in England. He gave Johnny Brown, the English champion, quite a battle recently for ten rounds which was decided a draw. It was the running up bout to the Hill Moracchini battle.

AUSTRALIAN GOSSIP

By R. A. CUMES

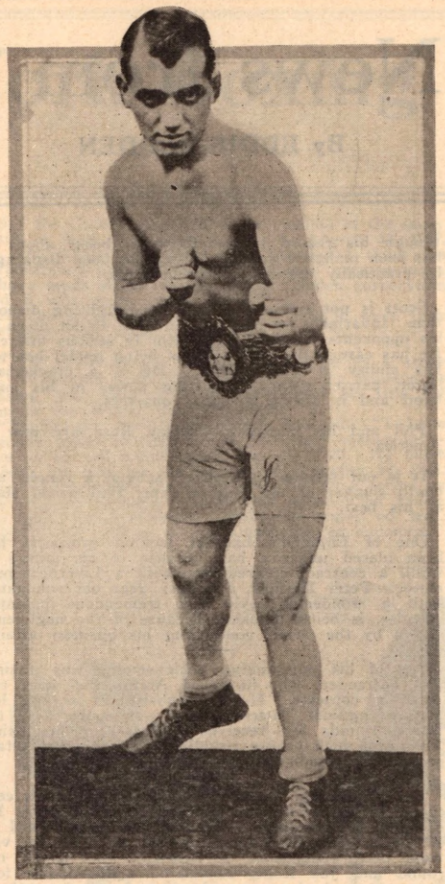
Australians are shocked over the failure of Billy Grimes, our star, in his American tour. The boxing fans Down Under cannot understand Billy's failure and still hope that once Grimes gets going he will show his supremacy over the Yankee feathers.

Tonorio Pelkey, another Filipino star, is coming along in great style. He is heading for the States and we think he is going to make a splash there. This lad is fast.

At the end of fifteen rounds, Billy Harms, South Africa, defeated American Charlie Long, the colored boy losing on points after a hard and fierce fight from Go to Stop.

Another South African, Johnny Squires, drew with American Sunny Jim Williams.

Charlie Purdy, New Zealand lightweight king, dropped a decision to Tommy Fairhall after fifteen rounds of uninteresting clinching.



Johnny Cuthbert, British featherweight champion, who will meet America's best boys here.

Frisco McGale, U. S. A., stopped Gordon Kiely in eight rounds.

Paul Dempsky was beaten by Hughie Dwyer.

Tiger Cline of San Francisco made Sunny Jim Williams step his hardest to gain a 15-round point-victory.

Archie Cowan licked Stan Thurbon over 15 rounds.

CONNECTICUT NOTES

By R. L. T.

THE headline feature in Connecticut's fisticuffs for the month was the knockout of Louis "Kid" Kaplan, by Jimmy McLarnin of the Pacific coast. This rather bursts the Kid's championship bubble as he has been flattened by both McLarnin and Wallace, the only two top notchers he has ever fought. Louis will attempt one of those comebacks shortly, opposing Mike Dundee at New Haven.

The Arena A. C. of New Haven, promoted by the ever popular Alderman Paollilo has had some splendid cards this month. Bobby Mays of New London gave "Tornado Georgie" Day a left handed trouncing but failed to squelch the Gorgeous Georgie.

Jimmy Rossi, who seems to have shot his bolt lost to Alfred Siki.

Red Garren again showed his marvelous courage, taking a terriffic beating from Pete Martin of Porto Rico. There are many better ringmen than the Waterbury redhead, but a gamer one has yet to be born.

Sammy Cooper continued to hang curtains, this time on Young Emmons, clever Waterbury welter.

Spike Marino, Elm City southpaw feather lost every round by a wide margin, but received a weird decision over Frank Neve of N. Y. C. It is rumored that Referee McAuliffe grabbed the wrong hand accidently and had to raise it.

Al Tripoli lost a close one to Georgie Balduc, Lewiston Maine's pride. Tripoli was not in the best of shape, and Balduc carried the fight all the way.

Georgie Day tried to make a fight of it with Larry Roach, Newark Nonesuch. But Roach as he has demonstrated before has a speedy bicycle, and Day was leg weary chasing him.

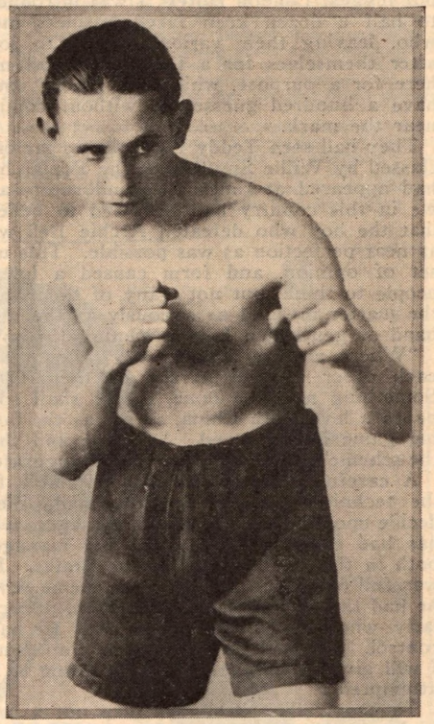
Al Beauregard and Mike Esposito put on a slam bang affair that sent the boys home with joy in their hearts. Beauregard ran a close second.

Mickey Genaro and Jimmy Mendoza, stablemates and bosom pals put on a pretty little waltz. Until then Mickey had several ardent followers.

Johnny Ciccone won a close one from Frank Neve.

The busy Smith-Anger stable et al, has been staging some hair-raising cards at the Armory in Bridgeport. Johnny Scalzi is still winning both fights and friends. With proper handling Johnny is going a long way. His last two buots have been wins over Young Wagner and one of the Rizzo twins of New Jersey. Young Wagner is a bad night for anyone and many feared that Scalzi was shooting too high, but he fought a splendid battle and showed well under heavy fire.

Steve Smith has been working about twice a week. In one stretch of nine days he fought four times. He won and lost with Georgie Balduc; drew with Pep O'Brien; beat Sammy Offerman and Tommy



Irish Mickey Gill, Dublin, Ireland's entry for flyweight championship.

Dunn and fought other bouts of which the writer has no record.

Bobby Polletier lost on a K.O. to Tony Castle. A badly cut eye was the cause of the bout being stopped.

Irish Tommy Jarrett gave Terry Moore an awful pasting and easily won the decision.

Pinky Silverburg of Ansonia is now flyweight champion of the world in 24 states and four foreign countries. Pinky won the tilt with Ruby "Dark Cloud" Bradley which was sanctioned by the N. B. A. as a titular contest. Bradley had the fight well in hand but accidently fouled the Pink in the seventh.

Tommy Hamby, Holyoke defeated Young Tiger Flowers, the Deacon's kid brother. Johnny Saxon lost on a foul to Danny Long, and Willie Hussey beat Rex Bell.

Jules Sombathy showed great improvement in beating Teddy Sheldon of California.

Jack Bitz of Germany lost a titanic struggle to one of the above mentioned Rizzo twins.

Jimmy Bones used all his tricks and fancy steps to draw with Joe Curry of N. Y. C. The long awaited match between Bones and Battalino, the Hartford sensation has not yet materialized. If it ever does it will pack any hall in the state.

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Boxing News from England

By EDDIE BORDEN

ONE day a few weeks ago I was invited to a meeting, which must be somewhat unique in the annals of the sporting world.

In a private room, at the top of one of our biggest London Hotels, I was introduced to half a dozen keen faced business men, who, leaving their various affairs to look after themselves for a few hours, had met here for a purpose, which the reader could have a hundred guesses at without coming near the mark.

They had seen Teddy Baldock—so far outclassed by Willie Smith, that the Poplar boy had appeared at times a second rater—and we in this country had been led to believe that the boy who defeated Archie Bell was as near perfection as was possible. This upset of opinion, and form caused a lot of people to think, but not many of them took the matter in hand as seriously as the little band of gentlemen I have mentioned above.

"Where are we slipping to?" they asked each other in the privacy of their Club. Something must be done, or we shall soon be on a level with China, so far as the boxing game is concerned. So there and then the scheme for better boxers was inaugurated.

A careful study of the men available for the technical side of the job, made them decide upon one of our British managers who has had experience as boxer and manager, both in this country and in the States. He was full of enthusiasm for the scheme when he had the idea propounded to him, particularly when he knew that he was to have control. Without any breach of confidence, I will give an outline of what is going to be attempted.

The controlling head will map out a tour of England, taking in all the mining and industrial towns. In each place competitions will be run with a view to discovering promising boys. "This has been done before," I can almost hear the critics saying. *No,* there is a *distinct difference.*

Before, the *sole idea* was to discover a heavyweight. This scheme is to discover and encourage *any boy* who likes the game and shows promise.

From what I learn Teddy Broadribb will be the man selected to handle the entire plan.

THE unexpected defeat of Teddy Baldock, youthful idol of the British public and recognized as the world's bantamweight champion on this side of the Atlantic on the strength of his victory over Archie Bell, by Willie Smith, South African champion and former Olympic amateur champion, was quite a shock to the serious minded fans at Albert Hall on October 6.

A match that the International Sports Syndicate proposes to stage is that between Archie Bell, the American, and Willie Smith. Bell made a legion of friends in his three bouts in London and would have plenty of support against the South African if they ever clashed.

Johnny Cuthbert, European featherweight champion, scored a notable triumph when he knocked out Humery, the French champion, in the fifth round at the Cirque de Paris at Paris recently. Humery was touted as a veritable terror owing to his knock-out over Young Cyclone, who had previously held Al Brown to a draw.

Cuthbert under the managerial reins of Johnny Sharpe, expects to visit America shortly and put in a claim for the vacated featherweight title. Cuthbert could justifiably be termed as a fighting champion because of his eagerness to defend his title at all times.

The most abused champion throughout the British Isles is Phil Scott, the heavyweight monarch. Although his record is something to boast about he has been maligned and his ability has been disparaged by practically the entire British press.

Scott is not endowed with a true fighting disposition. Invariably he has been inclined to let down on his opponents when he had them in serious distress. He has earned the reputation of being tender-hearted. His ability is unquestioned. He is a crackerjack boxer, carries plenty of hitting power in his right hand and is strong at close quarters.

Phil and his manager, Charley Rose are now in America.

It is our opinion that pitted against a rough, uncouth slugger of the Paulino type, Phil would show at his best.

One of England's likeliest looking prospects has been placed under a ban because of his failure to fulfill a contract entered into with a Liverpool promotor. Peter Howard, a twenty year old youngster, with a wonderful style and tremendous potential promise, is being punished because of the negligence shown by the people conducting his business affairs.

One of his outstanding achievements was against Kid Pattenden, who furnished Archie Bell with two clashing contests. Howard substituted at the last moment against Pattenden and won fourteen of the fifteen rounds but received a draw for his pains. Things of such nature tend to discourage and retard progress of promising material.

Ted Kid Lewis, fistic marvel of the twentieth century, still continues to amaze the skeptics by his dazzling performances. To date he has turned in six consecutive knockout triumphs, his last two victims being Amsemes, a Belgian, who lasted one round and Joe Rolfe, considered a formidable foeman, survived eleven rounds after being dropped on six different occasions. His last showing was by far the most impressive of the entire group of conquests and his friends are beginning to have visions of seeing Lewis re-crowned middleweight champion of Europe.

Johnny McMillan, Scottish bantamweight representative, who loomed as a potential champion a few months ago on the strength of meritorious victories over Kid Nicholson and Dom Volante, appears to have outgrown the 118 pound division. His last victory was scored over Billy Streets, a rugged and dangerous hitting featherweight, at the National Sporting Club.

A benefit was recently staged for Alf Mansfield, flyweight star of a past decade, and more than $2000 was collected and turned over to him. Mansfield is suffering from failing eyesight and has no possible means of livelihood. The theatrical and pugilistic professions turned out en masse and provided a wonderful entertainment. Sammy Russell, the best of the English referees, and Moss De Yong, another capable arbiter, worked unceasingly to make this affair a success.

Jimmy Wilde, former world's flyweight king, and one of the greatest stars developed in the Isles, is keeping busy with his various vocations. In addition to being a bookmaker in Cardiff, Wales, he writes weekly articles for "News of the World" and referees occasionally.

"Bombardier" Billy Wells another English idol, who unfortunately possessed so brittle a chin, is actively engaged in refereeing fights while Jack Bloomfield, who fought so well around Canada and in several of the States under the management of Leo Flynn, owns several pubs and is doing exceedingly well.

Johnny Hill, Scotch flyweight, who gained the Lord Londsdale belt in the midget division by stopping Alf Barber in fourteen rounds, after Elky Clarke had turned in the trophy because of failing eyesight, gained another notable triumph when he succeeded in finishing Francois Moracchini, the granite-jawed and courageous Frenchman, in the ninth round of their scheduled fifteen round fracas.

Moracchini was a fearless, two-fisted, persistetly aggressive, club-fighter of extraordinary calibre at his best but seems to be retrograding. His capacity for assimilating punishment was limitless but inexhorable nature finally demanded its toll and although his spirit is undaunted his flesh is unable to withstand a heavy pounding.

The clever and sharp shooting attack of Hill proved too much for his foe and Johnny slowly but surely hammered his man in certain defeat. Hill's class is unquestioned and it will take little short of a champion to whip him.

Fred Dyer, the Australian Singing Boxer, who fought his way into the top-notch ranks of the American welterweights quite a few years back, is the successful proprietor of a gymnasium on the Strand, in addition to managing no end of a group of promising mitt-wielders.

Bert Kirby who whipped Billy James of the N. S. C. two weeks ago and George Rose an undefeated featherweight of unusual promise seem to be the outstanding duo of his stable.

Ted Broadribb's two rising welterweight rivals turned in two more victories to their rapidly growing list. Jack Hood, monarch of his division bested Etiene on the same program that featured Baldock and Smith while Mancini exhibited his histrionic ability to the satisfaction of several hundred admirers at the Ring when he whipped Louis Kessler, the sturdy Frenchman, after a gruelling contest. It is only a question of time before a sufficient purse to commensurate with their value will be offered for them to settle their long time dispute. Ted is a busy fellow and one of the best liked managers in the game here. He knows as much about the sport as any man in England or elsewhere.

Teddy Sandwina, the youthful heavyweight prodigy, added two more knockouts to his list, after remaining ring-idle for several months. Rogiers, a Belgian, lasted one round while Marcel Nilles, once rated a top-notcher in heavyweight cricles, managed to finish 2 rounds and a half before he was battered into submission. Sandwina's only apparent flaw appears to be his over-anxiety to annihilate his man when he has him hurt. His punching was destructive and his boxing form seemed to improve.

IN IOWA RINGS

By BOB WAGNER

KENNETH HUNT, middleweight sensational light heavyweight, scored his thirty-fifth victory when he gave Lou Rollinger, Chicago, a pasting for ten rounds at Des Moines in the main event of the American Legion Boxing Club. Hunt had Rollinger down for the nine count five times. Just two weeks before the Rollinger fight Hunt knocked out Jack Clifford, St. Paul, in the fourth round of their ten round fight at Des Moines, Ia.

Eddie Dwyer, Mexican welterweight, won an easy ten round decision over Steve Koran, St. Paul, in their fight at Des Moines, Ia. Dwyer broke a bone in his hand early in the fight, but continued and won.

Billy Wells, Ottumwa, Ia., knocked out Joe Yanger of Des Moines, in four rounds at Ottumwa, Iowa.

Pinkey George, Des Moines flyweight, won an easy ten round decision from Bobby Hughes of Chicago, at Des Moines. In the other ten round fight Irvine Bige, New York, easily outpointed Emil Morrow, Sioux City welterweight.

Dick Daniels, St. Paul, upset the dope and gave Clyde Drury, Marshalltown middleweight, a trouncing in their ten round fight at Cedar Rapids, Ia. Daniels, although only eighteen years old, is ready to meet any of the leading middleweights. He has a lot of class and is a hard puncher.

Louie Mays, Des Moines, middleweight, was knocked out by Buzz Griáths, Sioux City, in the first round of their fight at Omaha. In the main event Bearcat Wright, Omaha Negro heavyweight, beat Chuck Wiggins of Indianapolis in ten rounds.

Clyde Drury, Marshalltown, knocked out Billy Ehmke, St. Paul, in the first round of a scheduled ten round fight. Eddie Maddox, Marshalltown, knocked out Tom Fields Belle Plaine heavyweight, in four rounds.

Ralph Alexander, Iowa heavyweight champion, has started training and expects to meet some of the leading heavyweights in the coming months. Alexander has fought some great fights with Bearcat Wright, Earl Blue, Martin O'Grady, George Bour and other leading heavyweights.

FRANK A. CHURCHILL

Manager of

TOD MORAN, World's Champion	130
FERNANDEZ, The Filipino	118
JOHNNY HILL	126
SPUG MYERS	138
SPEEDY DADO	112
ARMANDO SANTIAGO	128
TRIP LIMBACO	118
SULLY MONTGOMERY.....Heavy Weight	

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New York Boxing Notes

By LEFT JAB

UPSETS continue to crowd fight news into the background. It has been a great year of dope wreckage. You can't figure probable winners via the record books any longer. Many long shots have been thrown into the discard like so many ten pins.

Perhaps the outstanding upheaval was the marvellous performance turned in by Mickey Walker in Chicago recently when the little Jersey tiger knocked out Mike McTigue as stiff as the proverbial mackeral in two minutes and fifteen seconds of the very first round. Mickey knocked him down three times.

When the news reached New York it shocked the fistic inhabitants. First they couldn't believe it and then figured that Mike was due to get "hisn'n" because Tommy Loughran softened him up.

Walker—we nicknamed him Toy Bulldog several years ago—may be your next light heavyweight king. He is hitting harder than ever before in his life. He is still young.

Chicago, by the way, has been Mickey's lucky spot. In the Windy City he dethroned Tiger Flowers on a questionable decision for the middleweight championship. Then he knocked out Morrie Schlaiffer, beat Cowboy Padgett, scoring a knockdown or two; whipped Sailor Friedman, flattened one Shuffle Callahan and wound up in a blaze of glory with the McTigue kayo.

Sweet scented Jack Kearns was so elated with Mick's victory that he ordered a fresh load of French perfumes. Kearns in his delirium of joy immediately challenged Dempsey. Mickey, according to Perfumery John, aspires to hold the middle, light heavy and heavyweight championships all at the same time, just as Bob Fitzsimmons did. The Fitzsimmons angle is all to the Camembert.

Willie Smith, of South Africa, who created a sensation by defeating Teddy Baldock at catchweights in London, is in America ready for competition. Bill Duffy is handling his U. S. engagements. Bill got him from Jack Allen, who holds a contract on Smith. Bill should get him plenty of work. Archie Bell may be the invader's first opponent at the new Garden next January. On December 1 Bell will fight Kid Francis, Italian bantam, in Rickard's arena.

"I OWN seven or eight times more stock in the Garden corporation than any other individual," declared Promoter Tex Rickard upon his return from his vacation at Hot Springs, Ark., believing reports that the skids were being put under him. He continued interestingly: "There are only five voting directors, Richard Hoyt, of Hayden, Stone & Co.; G. A. Walker, of W. S. Harriman & Co.; J. P. Maguire, of the Textile Bank, John Ringling and myself. None of the other directors have voting power.

"As far as I know, none of the five voting directors are dissatisfied with my administration. Certainly, I feel I can claim a majority—all that is needed for my re-election to the presidency. But I repeat I have been unable to discover since my return any dissatisfaction with the way I have conducted things.

"Figures speak for themselves. Since the formation of the new Madison Sq. Garden Corporation our profits from boxing alone from September 1, 1925, to August 31, 1927—mind you, that does not include the Dempsey-Tunney bout in Chicago or any of the recent contests in the Garden—have amounted to $1,393,194.28. Remember that is from boxing alone. That does not include the revenue from hockey, cycling, athletics, the various expositions, ball and other entertainments or from the circus.

"For outdoor boxing events from September 1, 1925, to August 31, 1927, we took in $6,348,061.81 and $2,797,708 for indoor boxing contests. Our total boxing receipts were $9,145,769.81. Of the $1,393,194.28 profit free and above all expenses from boxing, $760-291.97 was realized from outdoor ring contests and $632,902.31 from indoor boxing events."

Rickard was going great guns. The assembled scribes in the new Garden sanctum sanctorium wasted a few pencils jotting down figures.

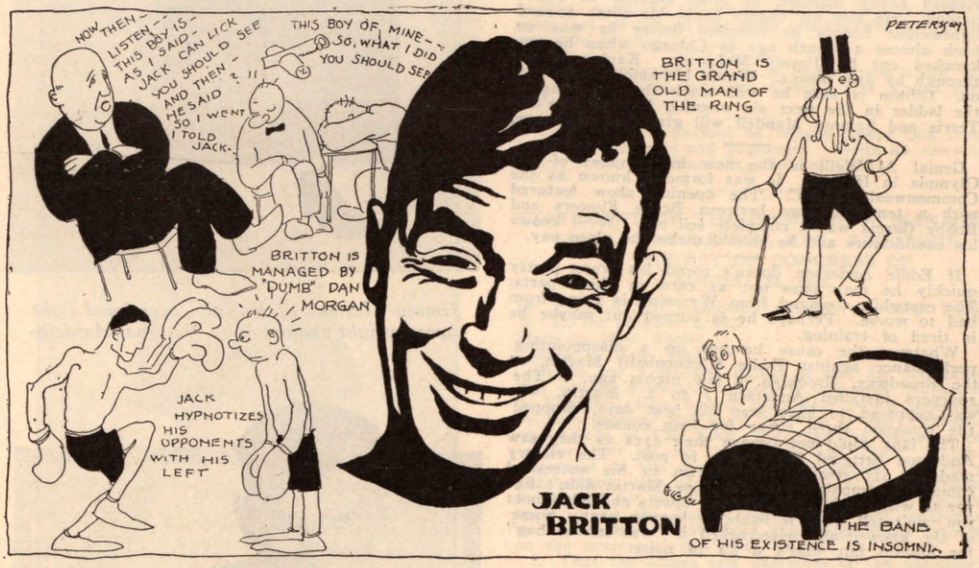
"By the way," snapped Texy, "whoever spread the report that the Garden corporation profited only $70,000 from the last Tunney-Dempsey fight is deliberately lying or talking through his hat. The Madison Square Garden Corporation profits from the Chicago bout amounted to more than $400,000.

"In the three months from August 31, 1927 to today the Garden corporation has profited at the same ratio as from September 1, 1925 to August 31, 1927. In fact, when the returns are compiled I think the corporation's profit will be at an even greater ratio. I have made much money for the Garden corporation and I will make much more."

Among several outsiders who listened in were Jack Dempsey and trainer Gus Wilson.

THE writer called Rickard's attention to a story emanating from Chicago quoting Jim Mullens as stating that Gene Tunney will defend his title for him in the Windy City next year.

"That's the bunk," exclaimed Rickard. "I have Tunney under contract for his exclusive boxing services up to and including October 10, 1928. He must defend his title for me once before October 10, 1928. The contract calls for identically the same terms as the original contract entered into between us before the last Tunney-Dempsey fight—no more, no less. Tunney has nothing to say about date or opponent."



Jack Britton, who is still at it and is doing well.

Rickard revealed that from the Chicago battle Tunney received $1,099,000. The contract signed in October was revised so that Tunney received 50 percent of $1,500,000 and 35 5/6 percent of all receipts above $1,500,000.

When the big promoter was asked whether he had signed Dempsey for future bouts Tex replied: "No, but Jack and I have an understanding. Jack has more money in 1927 than he did any years that he was champion. (A direct slap at Jack Kearns.) He will be ready to fight for me when I want him." Dempsey nodded his assent.

Incidentally, Rickard released another highly piece of news. He is bringing over Vittorio Campolo, the giant 224-pound Argentinian. He is bigger and better than Luis Firpo, according to Tex. "He beat Spalla and Ferrero and just has struck his real gait. I'll stake my all he is a great fighter." The promoter is wiring him money to come to New York and get himself into the heavyweight swim.

SPIDER KELLY, world's greatest second, who died a few weeks ago in the West, fought tuberculosis fifteen years but strangely, he didn't succumb to the dreaded disease. The famous second died from a blood clot on the brain, after an operation for mastoid trouble. He was fifty-five years old when he breathed his last.

Kelly, whose true name was James Patrick Curtin, was once an outstanding contender for the lightweight championship. Fights that won Kelly fame included a twenty-five round bout with the then champion, Joe Gans, in New York, when the Spider gained a draw, although many critics gave him an edge.

Kelly earned the sobriquet of Spider from the fact that he was long legged, had long arms and was the tallest lightweight of his day. He was clever, could take it but he was not blessed with too much physical endurance.

After he had seen his best fighting days Spider went into the cafe business in San Francisco and prospered.

Thousands of tales are told of Spider's clever seconding. Because of his popularity he took many liberties with referees. He had a great knack of instilling gameness into timid fighters. He won many fights by his maneuvring in and around the ring. After a while he teamed up with Tom McGrath and they made a great team in corners.

Tim and Spider were anxious to second Willie Ritchie against Joe Rivers in Los Angeles but a disparaging remark by Billy Nolan, Ritchie's manager, changed their plans. Instead they went behind the Mexican. Joe was going great guns when all of a sudden Ritchie smacked him with a terrific right which took all the fight out of the Greaser. It was no fault of Tim and Spider that the title didn't change hands.

After he located at Tucson, Arizona, in quest of his health, the Spider dug up a heavyweight prospect in Pat Lester. He got him loads of publicity. But Pat couldn't stand up for him. The last time he was in a corner was the night Lester lost to Charley Weinert in Los Angeles. Right then and there the Spider sang the swan song for Lester, remarking: "He's too handsome to fight. I am going to ask him to quit before he is knocked crazy." Kelly is also remembered as the person who introduced Kearns to Dempsey in San Francisco.

Lew Burston called the turn on Pete Sanstone, Belgian flyweight. He brought him over here claroning the info that the little foreigner was destined to reach the dizzy heights. A few weeks ago Pete enthused a crowded house at the Ridgewood, across the bridge, by knocking out Terry Roth.

With the help of the semi-final, a return match between Marco Polo and Gus Berger, the net receipts mounted to $5,6000, which is considerable intake. The Polo-Berger fight was a thriller from start to finish with Tommy Furey's Marco on the wrong end again.

GEORGE ENGEL, who managed and developed Harry Greb into a double titleholder, says that inside of a few years German glove wielders will have to be reckoned with seriously in the scramble for titles, particularly in the heavyweight division. Engel is bringing over Rudi Wagner, a young Tueton heavy. Though never having seen him perform George believes that "any fellow who can score eight kayos in his first ten bouts, as Wagner has done, must have something in him, even though the opposition Rudi has met may be of inferior calibre."

"We have had some great fighters in this country of German extraction," declared Engel. "I managed a couple of them myself—Harry Greb and Frank Klaus. They don't come any better than that. Just to mention a few more. I recall Billy Papke, Ad Wolgast, Paul Berlenbach, Gus Ruhlin, K. O. Brown and Willie Ritchie, whose real name is Steffens."

Talking about foreign importations Gus Wilson, Jack Dempsey's capable trainer, has invited Pierre Charles, champion heavyweight of Belgium, to come here and pick up some loose change. He is 24 years old, weighs 203 pounds and stands 6 feet 2½ inches in his stocking feet. He has engaged in thirty-three fights winning twenty-nine.

He lost a fifteen rounder on points to Phil Scott.

Wilson, who should know a good fighter when he sees one, is loud in praise of Charles' fistic ability. We shall see.

Up around Johnston, Pa., they have a very good looking welter prospect in Joe La Gray. He holds wins over Al Conway, Tracey Ferguson and Lew Freedman.

Sammy Green, while playing in "Battling Buttler" in Australia, uncovered a smashing Filipino lightweight in the young person of Tenario Pelkey. He took him to California where he lost a close decision to Jimmy McLarnin and then whipped Billy Adams. In Chicago recently the boy from the rice paddles smacked one Russell Whalen all over the lot scoring four knockdowns. Green has asked Ike Dorgan to handle Pelkey for him in the East.

THERE is no holding Signor Humbert J. Fugazy now. His Roberto Roberti came through like a house on fire in Philadelphia a few nights ago at the expense of Ralph Smith, California heavyweight. Roberti knocked him off in three heats. Fugazy, who is one of America's biggest promoters, believes sincerely he has a heavyweight diamond in the rough in the spaghetti chewing Roberti. Wish you lots of luck, old timer. Smith, who weighs 225 pounds, was offered $5,000 to fight George Godfrey but passed it up in favor of $750 for Roberti. Somebody pulled a monumental bone.

Will Gibson breathed a sigh of relief the other night in New Haven, Conn., where Louis (Kid) Kaplan easily disposed of Mike Dundee in twelve rounds. He saw his charge begin his climb toward lightweight honors he occupied before he was set back almost a month ago in Chicago when he was knocked out by Jimmy McLarnin. Kaplan is not through by any means. Watch his smoke from now on. Gibson is sure he will reach the top rung of the ladder in the next six months, if boys like Sid Terris and Sammy Mandell will give him a chance.

Genial Al Weill is the new matchmaker of the Olympia in Harlem. It was formerly known as the Commonwealth A. C. The opening show featured with a ten round go between Bruce Flowers and Bobby Garcia was a complete sell out. Weill knows his cauliflowers and he should make the place pay.

If Eddie Anderson doesn't mend his ways pretty quickly he may pass out as card in these parts. The erstwhile cowhand from Wyoming is going from bad to worse. Perhaps he is burned out maybe he is tired of training.

Whatever the cause he put up a disappointing performance against Eddie (Cannonball) Martin, at the Broadway, Brooklyn, a few nights ago. The sharpers installed Anderson 1 to 5. Martin, who was supposed to have seen his best days, dropped the cowhand three times for long counts.

The fans could not believe their eyes as they saw Anderson battered from pillar to post. The victory made it six straight for Martin in his successful comeback campaign. On the dope Martin didn't figure to win but in these days of upsets and what nots you can't tell what is liable to happen next. Some of the know-it-alls wisecracked it "was in the bag" for Martin but that's a lot of noise.

CHARLEY COOK, who managed Floyd Johnson and Eddie Huffman, is doing wonders with Joe Leone, west side bantam. At least, Joey is bringing in the shekels to "uncle" Charley. Thus far Joey is undefeated having triumphed in six straight starts. Remarkable? You said a mouthful.

Al Mayer, head of the Paulino Uzcudum board of strategy, is singing the praises of Kid Francis, hefty Italian bantam. In his first three starts in America the boy from Sunny 'It held Pete Zivic even, whipped San Sanchez and proved too strong, speedy and rugged for Harry Mills, Charley Goldman's pride and joy.

Frankie Genaro, the best flyweight in America if not the world, the various commissions to the contrary notwithstanding, was guilty of a ring faux pas in Scranton, Pa., when he met Billy Kelly. The little Italian so far underrated the ability of "Buck" O'Neill's pet that he never trained a day for the encounter, blew up towards the end of the bout and made it easy for the officials to decide in favor of their idol. Joe Jacobs read the riot act to Frankie after the fight. It is safe to say Genaro will be in condition from now when he answers the bell.

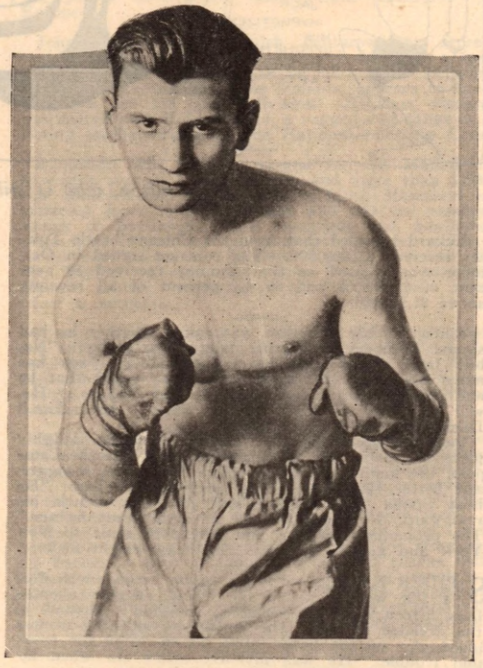
Jack McVey, colored welterweight of Harlem, is, at last, coming into his own. After several years dubbing around in the "small time" clubs, McVey finally moved in on big time at Cleveland. Through the summer months McVey was the big star for Walter Taylor. Three times Jack topped the card in Taylor's Bowl, beating Bob Sage, Pete Latzo and knocking out Walcott Langford. McVey was robbed of his just dessert in both the Latzo and Sage bouts, the referee calling them drawn battles. The newspapers were unanimously in favor of a win for McVey in each bout.

Johnny Huber continues to bowl 'em over. His last victim was Frisco Bautista. He knocked him off in three heats. "Pop" Ryan is handling the Bronxite.

Eddie Lawson has a corking club fighter in Pete Martin. The Porto Rican lightweight is going great guns in the armories.

Boxing should pick in Newark, N. J., as Ralph Minechello, former matchmaker for Laddie Kusy, has been granted a permit and has lined up many important matches. While associated with Kusy,

Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, acclaimed light heavyweight champion by National Association.



Joe Glick of New York who is making rapid strikes in junior lightweight class

Ralph made many friends among the leading managers and can count on them to deliver their meal tickets.

Patsy Ruffalo and Burt Lamb engaged in a slam bang fight at Yonkers recently. The former received an unpopular decision, according to our secret operative.

Phil Krug, Harrison, N. J., middleweight, has made a tremendous hit in Australia. He has won all his battles over there and the Sydney promoters are angling to hold Krug in the land of the Southern Cross. Krug is of the mixed boxer-fighter type who are so satisfactory to the fans in the Antipodes. Krug has cabled that he could spend the rest of his life in Sydney so hospitable have been the native fans.

JOE MOONEY, old west side lightweight, who boxed Johnny Dundee, Willie Jackson, Benny Valger, Frankie Fleming, Barney Adair, Bily De Foe, Frankie Britt and K. O. Eggers, is doing nicely as matchmaker of the 212th A. A. armory on 62nd Street and Columbus Avenue.

Another veteran pug is doing wonders with future greats. Joe Welling speaks volumes of the ability of Phil Mercurio, of New Rochelle. He is a heavyweight. Phil defeated Jackie Williams in one of the preliminaries on the Mike McTigue-Mickey Walker card in Chicago.

Joe Glick of the Williamsburgh section of the big city, who started out in life making button holes, is now progressing rapidly via hitting his opponents on the "button," earning by his recent good work a return battle for the junior lightweight champion of the world with Tod Morgan. It will be a hectic battle as was their previous meeting.

"Cyclone" Jack Humbeck, Belgian heavyweight champ, who is here with Tommy Burns, former world titleholder, boasts of a good ring record. Humbeck has been developed by Burns, who has given over much time and patient teaching to put his charge in the class of heavyweight "contenders."

According to Burns, Phil Scott, Paulino, Deiner and Persson declined matches with his big slugger. Humbeck made his American debut against Arthur De Kuh, at the Broadway Club, Brooklyn, November 21. Tommy has $5,000 to go as a side bet Humbeck can defeat either Scott or Paulino in this country.

Solly Seeman, clever Harlem lightweight, who broke the thumb of his right hand in a bout at Tampa, Fla., is now ready for the wars again and anxious to toe the firing line. Step up, lightweights!

Jackie Moore, junior welter from Indiana, has had a hard time getting started around New York. He has triumphed in his last three starts in impressive style. He is being passed up by many of the lads in his class.

EDDIE (KID) WAGNER, of Philadelphia, is showing his old time speed combined with much harder hitting. He has scored three knockouts in his last five starts and the other two battles he won in hollow fashion. Last summer Eddie gave Billy Wallace an even tussle in Cleveland and is anxious to meet the hard hitter from Ohio's leading boxing center on neutral ground, when Wagner says he will reverse the decision.

Sammy Dorfman and Dominick Petrone recently electrified the patrons of the Pioneer in the old horse mart with a bang up ten rounder. Dorfman came from behind to win a close "duke." At this writing Sammy is on the ineligible list. Because of a rip sustained over the right eye at the hands of Petrone, Sammy was unable to keep an engagement with Petey Mack. That's why he was set down.

Billy Hamilton has a good feather prospect in Arthur De Champlaine, of Bridgeport, Conn. Arthur is related to Jack Delaney. He has won twenty fights defeating among others Lou Moscowitz, Joe Barbara and Tommy Lorenzo.

Eddie Shapiro, Bronx lightweight, is another promising young battler. "Silent" George Sieger is his manager. In his last start he boxed Canada Lee and did very well. Give the little boy a great big hand!

Sammy Vogel, Pete Reilly's clever and hard hitting lightweight, is having his share of hard luck and headaches. All of his battles away from New York he wins, as a rule, by knockouts. In the big city he has lost three close decisions. All three however, were so hotly contested that they had the spectators in a frenzy, and in each instance a drawn verdict would have been perfectly satisfactory. Vogel reminds the observing fan of Benny Leonard by his clever ring actions and clean hitting, but lacks the real finish of the former lightweight champion.

The kayo received at the hands of Pete Latzo has not discouraged Wyoming Warner. His manager, Harry Lenny, says the young light heavyweight will carry on hoping some day to ascend the top of the ladder. Lenny takes all the blame for the defeat. "Instead of having him box the veteran," states Lenny, "I forced the kid to go in and try to knock him out. That was a bad move. Well, the next time I'll use different methods." Until he was turned back by Latzo, Warner was shaping up as a formidable opponent for the best in the 175-pound division

Tony Canzoneri continues to swell his winning streak. Only a few weeks ago he outgeneralled and outfought Johnny Dundee in fifteen rounds in the new Garden ring. The New Orleans lad just made the featherweight poundage of 126 pounds. Pitted against a veteran like Dundee and travelling over the long route for the first time in his career the little Italian put up an exhilarating performance. He baffled Johnny at every turn. From the moment they put up their hands until the last bell sounded Dundee couldn't cope with his younger antagonist.

Dundee is absolutely through but he doesn't think so. He figured he did mighty well under the circumstances coming in at 124 pounds and going the route. The old boy says he is going to continue and in his next fight hopes to have some promoter put him on with some good lightweight. "After I get through with the lightweights I'll go after the welters," promises Johnny. Personally we wish he'd hang up his gloves. Some mug is liable to come along any fine

day and knock him for a row of tenement brick houses. Then all the glory that was his will vanish in the resin smoke.

To some of the crowd of 8,000 who turned out to see the scrap it appeared as if Canzoneri deliberately held back his best punches. In other words, they feel secure in the belief that Tony didn't want to be accused of knocking off an old man. This may be true but it didn't look that way to us. However, Tony beat him from the Battery to Buffalo and back.

Since he joined the Jimmy Johnston stable Lew Perfetti has been going great guns. In his last three starts he whipped Johnny Huber, Dominick Petrone and Vic Burrone.

Babe Herman has gone back to his dear California for a much needed rest. Before he jumped on the rattler the Babe was "skinned" out of $2,800 with a flock of stones supposed to be diamonds. They turned out to be glass.

The rodeo and horse shows played to capacity in two weeks at the new Garden. Boxing was forced to lay off for a week at a time.

The Broadway Club across the bridge is adding some more figures on the right side of the ledger. Ben Feinberg used good judgment when he re-employed Andy Neiderreiter as matchmaker. Andy knows his cauliflowers.

When is Mr. Reuben Goldstein going to return to the wars? The sooner the better.

Archie Bell is near nigh invincible in the bantam ranks. Ike Dorgan's charge made a tremendous hit at the Olympia, Detroit, a few weeks ago where he chastised Johnny Vacca in ten one-sided heats. Uncrowned champion is the little Brooklynite. The day is not far distant when he will be recognized as such.

The armories are making a world of money. Both the Twenty-second and the Medical armory on 168th Street and Broadway and 68th Street on the west side, respectively, are packing 'em in Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Sid Terris may be seen in competition in January. Right now the East Side Flash is enjoying a much needed rest, thanks to the suspension handed down to him a few days ago by the Boxing Commission. He was set down for fouling Phil McGraw.

Jack Moore is doing wonders with Al Delgaldo. He gets the little Italian plenty of work.

Jimmy Dougherty bewails the fact he can't get any work for his big George Godfrey. The Negro is no bargain to some of the so-called heavyweight "contenders."

Paul Berlenbach wants to fight Jack Delaney. Herr Paulie must be out of his mind.

Joe Sekyra, Minneapolis heavyweight, who has aroused much favorable comment in the Middle West, got in here a few days ago and tied up with Charlie Cook. Sekyra has defeated Sully Montgomery, Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Art Wiegands and Joe Lohman.

Izzy Grove is the raging sensation in the Ghetto section of the big city. He has a larger following right now than any of the other three big guns—Sid Terris, Ruby Goldstein and Sammy Dorfman. His recent victory over the experienced Jimmy Goodrich, former lightweight king, has made him a big card. His right name is Irving Popick. He is just twenty-one years of age. In the amateur ranks he triumphed in forty-two starts winning both the Metropolitan and State titles. He has had twenty professional battles. He celebrated his debut on big time by knocking out Eddie Goldberg. He lost to Andy Divodi and in a return bout was declared the loser on a foul. Before taking up boxing he had four terms at De Witt Clinton High School. He lives at 96 Pitt Street. He has seven brothers and three sisters, all married. His manager is Harry Klein, who will be remembered as the pilot of Frankie Genaro when Frankie was on top of the flyweight heap. Grove is one of the most promising welters developed in some time.

Roleaux Saguera, Cuban light heavy, may make his eastern debut shortly. He is a terrific hitter. On the Mickey Walker-Mike McTigue card in Chicago, Saguera created a sensation by flattening Benny Ross, of Buffalo, in two rounds. He also holds a kayo over Art Weigands.

Another European heavy is in our midst. The newcomer is Tony Ascensio, who claims the French title.

Old Bat Levinsky continues to chalk up victories. A few nights ago in Philadelphia he received the decision over George Gemas. Levinsky weighed 185 pounds.

TOLEDO TOPICS

BY OSCAR C. RUHL

DURING the past month the boxing eyes of the world were focused on the National Boxing association which convened in Toledo. This meeting being the annual affair of that group, met in the Commodore Perry during their three days stay here. Old and new business and laws were relegated to the waste basket to make way for many new decisions. From the viewpoint of the delegates, the Toledo convention was the best ever. As what transpired at this meeting is no longer news, I shall not go into any details other than to say that many new rules were adopted and a new champion created.

The election of officers for the coming year resulted in the election of Thomas Donohue of Hartford, Conn., president; Paul Prehn of Illlinois was named first vice-president; Thomas A. Murphy of Toronto, second vice-president; Stanley Isaacs of Cincinati, third vice-president; Thomas W. Bigger, chairman of the Michigan boxing commission, fourth vice-president; Latrobe Cogswell of Baltimore, secretary and treasurer.

Mickey Gregory O'Neil, of Tulsa, Okla., a 136 pounder who attends Marquette University.

The 1928 convention of the national body will be held in Toronto. Montana, Arkansas, Colorado and Missouri, the territory of Porto Rico and the city commission of Galveston, were formally admitted into the association.

Joe Choynski, famous ex-middleweight battler, has taken quite an interest in Jack Norris, Toledo light heavyweight. He sees quite a future in the ring for the Toledoan. Norris has done very little fight in this vicinity but expects to see plenty of action here this winter.

Amateur prize fighting is again in vogue in this city. Every Monday night Eddie Mack, Toledo promoter, takes the youngsters in hand and cards them in regular matches.

Jack Duffy, Toledo's lightweight championship aspirant, scored a well-earned victory in his New York debut last month when he defeated Frankie Fink of Texas in the semi-windup of the McGraw-Terris feature scrap.

In appreciation of the Toledoan's scrapping ability, Duffy has been signed to two feature fights in New York for this winter.

After Duffy's win in the Big City, he came back to Toledo to tackle Benny Gould of New York in a feature T. A. C. card. He handed the Gould boy quite a trouncing in their ten-stanza battle. Duffy won every round and had the New York Jew on the verge of a knockout several times.

Joe Lohman, veteran Toledo trial horse, fought another former champion during the past month and came through the fray with honors even, holding the former light heavyweight king, Paul Berlenbach to a draw in a ten-round bout at Atlanta, Ga.

Tiger Flowers, the Negro battler, had little trouble in beating Joe Lohman in a ten-round bout in Canton last month. Lohman was on the floor five times but the Black Panther couldn't put the finishing touches to the Toledo battler.

Red McDonald, Toledo lightweight, won by a foul from Al Kindler of Alliance in the seventh round of the semi-final after he had been beaten by a wide margin in the semi-final of the Flowers-Lohman scrap.

Sam Jordan, veteran manager of fighters, is planning to take his stable of fighters on an invasion of the Pacific coast rings.

With Joe Lohman, who is known from coast to coast for his activity in the ring heading the list, the party will also include Chief Metoquah, Charley Lupica and possibly Red Fitzsimmons, who at present, is making his home in Columbus.

Recently received a letter from Billy Hoon, coast lightweight, who said he was coming East in the near future and would possibly settle in Toledo. Billy has proven himself a finished fighter and he is anxious to meet either Wallace or Petrolle.

Jimmie Betts, Albany boxing mentor, who has Billy Leonard and Pete Petrolle under his guidance, is real anxious to bring his men to Toledo to fight and has entrusted this writer with the care to sign his men, but so far he has been unsuccessful in his attempt to do so.

Another scrapper who is in real earnest about appearing in Toledo is Jackie Cohen, New York's bantamweight contender.

This writer is anxious to receive newsy bits from the fans, managers and promoters. Write all news to Oscar Ruhl, 943 Blum St., Toledo, Ohio.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1927.
State of New York
County of New York ss.:

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City. Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, None.

2. That the owners are: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual, the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks should be given.) The Ring, Inc., New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City; A. D. Phillips, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City; Daniel M. Daniel, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

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NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1927.

(Seal) KATHERINE KORY.

Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 215. New York County Register's No 9137.

Commission expires March 30, 1929.

Boxing in Cuba

By MILTON BARON

(Havana—by Correspondence)

LUIS PINCHO GUTIERREZ, live wire promoter, is going great these days. He is staging weekly contests at the New Fronton stadium. Gutierrez has again proven to the Havana fans that he has genuine sporting blood in his veins. He knows his stuff when it comes to match-making. Good boy Pincho—keep it up.

Ofelio Valladares and Silvio Migas put up one of the best fights seen here in a long time. The scrap only lasted two rounds, but in them, were twenty rounds of real action. Migas and Valladares, with little knowledge of boxing but possessors of bull dog courage, went at it fire and tongs from the first tap of the gong trying to land haymakers.

Migas landed a vicious right to his opponent's chin who took a nine count, only to struggle to his feet to receive another bombardment to the jaw for a nine count. Valladares weathered the storm bravely, and floored Migas twice. In the second round, both boys mixed it up roughly, with Valladares emerged the victor by knocking out Migas. Valladares weighed 140 and Migas 134.

Johnny Cruz of New York got a big surprise and sad experience when he faced Kid Chocolate, little negro boxer. The Kid showed in this fight that the Kid is a comer.

Johnny Cruz who boasts of the 1926 Metropolitan amateur bantam championship, returned to Cuba with a long string of victories, and added another chain of victories over the best amateur bantams here. Cruz was first pitted up against Eugenio Molinos, Cuban bantam amateur, and Cruz scored a four round knockout over his more experienced opponent. In succession Johnny then defeated Ben Ponteu, Cuban Harry Kabakoff, Kid Alejo, Luis Aguiar, and Bill Dempsey. With no contenders in sight, Cruz took a long rest, and was then matched with Kid Chocolate.

They put up a wonderful battle, the negro holding his own much of the way. In the fifth Cruz rallied and had the "Kid" on the verge of a knockout. Much to Johnny's disappointment Kid Chocolate floored him in the sixth for an eight count, and was awarded an unanimous decision. Both boys received a big ovation and Cruz asked for a return bout, which will no doubt be granted him according to Mr. Clemente manager.

Sargento Cruz and Oscar Hernandez have been promoting fights out in Bejucal, some twenty miles from Havana, and are meeting with great success. The bouts are held at the Bejucal Club, and with the ladies being admitted free. Every show proves very popular.

Jose "Pepe" Conte, the Damon Runyon of Cuba, made a selection of Havana's most popular boxers, and motored with them out to St. Mary of the Rosary, a little suburb of Havana, where exhibitions were held in honor of the local church.

Angel Giraldo and Angel Diaz present featherweight champion, furnished the best exhibition on the program. Both boys went at it like a house afire, and gave the onlookers a thrill which will not be forgotten so soon.

Jose Arguelles then showed with Paquito Miro, flyweight and featherweight, and put up another splendid exhibition. Both boys received a big ovation.

Lalo Dominguez ex-lightweight champion of Cuba, exhibited with Diaz also, and showed some of his old time skill, for which he was famous years ago.

Armando Vidal and Eugene Molinos, bantams, put up another clever exhibition which was greatly applauded by the customers.

The affair ended with a splendid dinner and dance, and the boxers had a perfect time.

Rodolfo "Fatty" Diaz, manager of a good string of boys, has added to his stable Armando Vidal, who won a six round decision over Joe Castillo. Vidal is a good performer, and has won most of his fights.

Enrique Valdes, local bantam, has just returned from Chicago where he made a lot of friends by his pleasing style of milling.

Anisio Orbeta, crack lightweight, scored a seven round knockout over Lazaro Souval. Orbeta fractured Souvals jaw, and the injured boy was immediately taken to the hospital where he died after being operated upon. Souval had many friends, and they all mourn the great loss.

Cirilin Olano, Cuba's lightweight king has left for Peru where he is signed for several bouts.

Ramon Perez, Cuba's best bantamweight, who holds a victory over Genaro Pino, present champion, finds it difficult to obtain bouts here, as nobody wants to meet him. A bout between Black Bill and Perez would be great. Efforts are being made to sign these two sterling performers for a ten round fight.

Jack Dempsey is Cuba's favorite in the heavyweight division. This was proven when the Dempsey-Tunney fight picture was shown at the local theatres. The famous seventh round was a thriller, and when the fans saw Tunney get up and roller-skate—the crowd booed Tunney, and expressed their preference for Jack Dempsey by giving him a lot of applause. Dempsey is the champion so far as Cuba is concerned.

IN SAN ANTONIO

By JACK TAYLOR

IN San Antonio on September 21, Kid Pancho beat Kid Laredo in ten rounds. Julio Lopez and Bert Brannon fought eight rounds to a draw. It was a great slugging match, both boys mixing it from gong to gong and bringing cheers from the fans. The Light, afternoon paper, called it a draw, which seemed fair to both boys. In a six rounder Renato Torres defeated Jimmy Duggins.

On September 28, Charlie Cobb knocked out Ray Macias in three rounds. Jack League knocked out Big Jim St. Clair in five rounds. Benny Kid Roy defeated Kid George in six rounds.

On October 11 Johnny Hughes knocked out Law Turribiates in four rounds. Dick Wymore knocked out Don Coll in three rounds. Babe Arizmendi and Kid Laredo drew in 10 rounds.

Red Foster, 160 pound soldier, did the iron man stunt in the prelims when he knocked out two opponents in the same evening, one in 25 seconds and the next in two rounds. Frankie Herrera, not to be outdone by Foster, pulled the same trick the following week, getting two in two rounds each. Herrera is guided by Mercy Montez, Foster by Jack Taylor.

Dick Wymore of Minneapolis looked great in stopping Don Coll in three rounds. Dick was the first man to get a close decision from the popular Brooks Hooper on September 20 in McAllen. Hooper is now taking a much needed rest. He has been going a little to much for a lad of 18. He expects to enter the junior lightweight class soon and has promised the promoters to take on all comers.

Promoter Jack Shelton is about to move inside with his shows. To date he is the only promoter who has ever made a success of promoting in San Antonio through the summer months.

Boxers, managers and fans gave a nice little sum to the Sam Street fund here on October 1. Sam Street was Chief of Detectives and was killed last month by a bandit. The money goes to his widow

Lt. Lucas of Ft. Sam Houston booked a dandy show for October 20, with Chuck Burns of San Antonio and Navy Rostan as the headliners.

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News From Dixie

FLORIDA STATE NOTES
By PAUL A. SEEGER

RATHER looks at this writing as if another boxing promoting outfit in Miami will curl up and quit. The Miami Sports Club, an organization headed by James Reynolds, once of New York, put on three shows here for the American Legion, but as the public did not exactly storm the gates, the boxers were NOT met on the way out with the agreed stipulation.

A matchmaker who knows his stuff, enough in the sock to pay off in case of a flop and the proper kind of publicity, will put over a good club here, but Miami fans have been gyped so badly in the past that they will not turn out in large numbers until they are assured that a club will deliver the goods.

After several postponements due to the backward season, Harry Graham, matchmaker for the National Guard organization, comes to bat this month with his first show and the bugs are hoping Harry will dish out the kind of program which will draw the crowds.

Ed Douglas, who promoted boxing here when they had to turn 'em away, is back in town and it is possible Ed will take another fling at the game if he can get the proper hook-up. Douglas has a stadium but under the recent boxing law he must affiliate with some organization allowed to stage bouts.

Douglas brought with him what he calls a Georgia clayeater, a bird standing six feet seven inches and weighing better than an eighth of a ton. As a boxer, so far, this young mountain is a total loss, but Ed believes his mammoth has the makings. By the way, he is to be known as Mountain Dumas and his first match will be with the Texas Ranger. What's in a name.

Tommy Robson of Boston was brought here this month for a bout with Paul Berlenbach and the day before the fight Oom Paul wired that he had busted a fin on some square head in Baltimore and the match was off. Were the promoters prepared for such an emergency? They were not.

After a day of disorder they brought over from Tampa Bobby Marriett, a mighty good boy, but no match for Robson. Bobby went in there with a handicap of 20 pounds and the result was far from edifying. The boxing commission had everybody on the carpet the next day, and the affair joins the long list to be forgotten.

Whitey Melner was laying down the law to Enrique Ponce de Leon over in Tampa when rain stopped the bout in the fifth. Whitey is Lady Luck's stepchild, but never loses his cheerful grin.

Barney Adair of New York, who has been seen in many good battles here, is back in town looking for matches and announces that his big boss, Leo P. Flynn, has a host of good youngsters he is anxious to show in Florida this winter, but not for charity.

Try to talk new faces to Florida promoters and if the boy is not already on the scene they immediately raise a loud wail and squawk about transportation. They fail to remember that good boys with a gate attraction are worth the dough and then some.

Johnny Connelly, the schoolboy with a long list of victories in his one year of fighting, busted into the main bout class this month when he took on Milt Walker of Atlanta. Johnny is popular here.

Jimmy Sullivan sent two more to the cleaners this month. Sailor Crowe lasted two rounds and two was plenty for Tom Jordan. Now that Earl Hudson's hand is healed he states his willingness to take on Sullivan and we hope the match is made.

Emil Schiavone is back after a trip of several months during which, he claims, he pasted himself to victories over several good boys. Emil did not know a boxing glove from a stool when Harry Kay took him in hand not so many months ago, but he learned quickly.

Young Rubin, who has been out of the game for more than a year, now announces that he will take on any 130-pound boy the promoters care to match him with. Rubin looks in shape to go.

Frankie Osner again is in the midst of one of his busy campaigns. This month he won the nod over Jack Lewis here, beat Boots Antley in Mobile, took on Battling Barnet in Melbourne, Fla., met Dave Edleman in the National Guard show here and is ready for matches in Mobile with Joe Lewis and in Indiana with Augie Pisane. This boy is liable to get a reputation if he is not careful.

If any items sent to the writer the past month have been omitted this issue, we will have to ask you to send them in again. We changed our postoffice address and quite a bit of mail went astray. Permanent address now will be P. O. Box 33, Miami, Fla.

Jacksonville, we understand, had only one show this month worth mentioning. Sanborn, Melbourne, West Palm Beach and a couple of other towns are putting on shows with more or less regularity, but if they do not get into the news dispatches and do not send in the dope, we certainly cannot print it.

You gotta hand it to Jim Downing and his outfit over in Tampa. They have a nice little arena, they put on good shows and the public shows its appreciation by turning out in numbers. An attendance of 5,000 is not unusual. More luck to 'em.

St. Petersburgh drew a fair house when Jimmy Russel of Savannah, took the decision from Willie Greenspan, the New York lightweight, who has been working out of Tampa of late. Oscar Howell, another Tampa product, flattened Bobby Wilson of Atlanta in the fifth.

In a return match this month, Eddie Bowling reversed the tables on Quina Lee and his modest manager announces that Eddie again is the bantam champ of Dixie. All right with us.

Eddie Maguire is back in Miami after spending the summer in his old home town, Atlantic City. There is no stalling when Eddie is the third man in the ring.

As an example of Eddie's horror of inaction, Maguire was refereeing a bout in the ball park one night last year when a boxer named Rubia busted the gee string of his tights and that necessary part of Rubia's equipment started floorwards.
Eddie grabbed the rear of Rubia's costume and held on, at the same time telling Rubia: "Fight, dammit, hit him, I got 'em." Every time Rubia hit, or jumped Eddie lost his grip, but always managed to get another hold in time and Rubia finished the round.

Bobby Marriott informs the writer that negotiations are nearly completed for him to meet Dundee in Tampa this month. The bout should pack 'em in.

Several of the stars of the fistic world, including Jack Dempsey, are willing to show in Miami this winter if proper arrangements are made. It is up to the promoters. This writer has had letters of inquiry from several nationally known figures and the correspondents may rest assured that this column will do everything possible to get the proper parties together.

Letters to this column from South America, England and Australia, show to what extent The Ring is read among the profession.

FROM ALABAMA
By S. P. CARPRI

PETE SARRON, the Syrian, stopped a promising lad in Bud Harris, in the 4th round of a scheduled ten round fight. Both are local bantam weights. Sam Lavoy, a local lightweight, lost a ten round bout to Ben Ray of Jacksonville.

At Birmingham, Joe Paglina of Louisville, beat Johnny Pee Wee Kayser of St. Louis in the ten round main bout of the American Legion Post No. 1. It was a hot battle.
The winner was promised a match with Claudie Wilson, the best local feather. Kayser has beaten Wilson on points twice. But Wilson has never faced this terrific hitting Paglina. Joe Paglina is a clean, hard fighter.

Big Boy Oscar, knocked out Sam Jones in the first round of a six round bout. These two boys are local light heavyweights. Big Boy has a punch that will fell an ox. He has had six fights and won all in the first or second round. Steve Sarron and Jack Ramsey went six rounds to a draw. Little Joe of Ensley stayed four rounds with the hard hitting Kid Ray. Little Joe shows plenty of stuff, but he weighs 105 pounds and has to take on 110 to 116 pounders, in order to get on the cards at the local fight club.

The two best drawing cards, that is of the local boys, are Pete Sarron, 118 pounds, who has beaten nearly every bantam in the South and Claude Wilson, 126 pounds. A smart boxer is this Wilson if there ever was one. At least that's my opinion and don't forget that this writer has boxed some himself and at present is boxing instructor. Hence, I should know.

At Mobile Gene Tillman, local 130 pounder, won a ten rounder from Benny Matranga of New Orleans.

"Cowboy" Osner beat Jack Lewis of New Orleans, in another ten rounder.

At Bessemer the fast coming Lefty Sullivan won by a K. O. over Bogy Saab of Birmingham, in the seventh of a scheduled ten spot. Saab is a tough welter weight.

At Montgomery Steve Stetson won the decision over Red Keenan in the ten rounds of a main bout of the American Legion card. Both are bantamweights. The bout was fast throughout.

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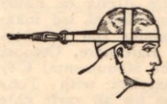

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IN SOUTH JERSEY
By HARRY DOLLFUS

THE Elk's Crippled Kiddies' Fund show enjoyed a banner third birthday. The show went over with a bang when Camden fistic fans turned out by the thousands to see Roxie Allen, Camden Italian papa, defeat Mickey Chapin, Scranton lightweight, in the eight round feature bout. Al Delgaldo took the decision over Al Trainer and Sammy Ferrentino defeated Peewee Ross.

Buck Fleming, Jersey featherweight, jumped up to Norristown and put up a sensational scrap with Ray Weigand, of Phila.

Joe Lawson, Camden bantamweight who looks to be the goods if he fights the legitimate 118 pounders, again stepped out of his class to battle Young Firpo, the Pennsgrove mauler in a return bout. Joe grabbed the duke in the first go and blew it in the second meeting.

Freddie Tooley, clever Camden lightweight, fought Johnny Prezio, of New York a draw at the Cambria, Philadelphia. It was a thrilling scrap.

Charley Cunningham defeated Al Coulon, of Norristown in two bouts at Wilmington, Del. Both bouts teemed with action during the six rounds.

Bobby Michaels, the sorrel-topped slugger from the wilds of Kennington fought a sensational contest of ten rounds against Joe Kuhns, of Reading at the Norristown Auditorium before a capacity crowd.

Joe Coogan, the roly-poly promoter, is going over big in the molasses district. He promoted a show in Bridgeton, topping the bill with his protege, Jimmy O'Toole vs. Gene Geffner.

Jack Gross, the Salem Assasin, is still knocking them over. Dan Bright, an English importation, was placed on the return train to New York with a kindly farewell after the former biscuit shooter had caressed him on the button. Gross will next toe the scratch against Young Bob Fitzsimmons, son of Ruby Robert.

Freddie Washington, former Penn-State collegiate champion, continues his good ring work. In the past month, Tony Gildo, the Camden Wop, took a severe lacing at Washington's hands.

Joe Lill, U. S. Marine Corps Heavyweight Champion, fought a return bout at the Arena in Philly with Len Herring and the fish-monickered lad managed to stand up the distance under the Leatherneck's punches. Lill traveled to Baltimore, October 25th, and gave Bill Mathews, of the Monumental City a beating. The Marine is matched with Tony Youknnis, at the Arena and is due for an early date in Baltimore against an outstanding Heavyweight.

Freddie Welsh, Atlantic City lightweight, turned in one of the most impressive victories of his career when he gave Al Winkler, Philadelphia fightin' fool a boxing lesson at the Northside A. C. in Atlantic City. Ralph Janeti, has his razors humming a tune over roughened whiskers since the big victory. You're made now, kid.

Davey Frey, formerly of York, Pa., is located in South Jersey and is out with a defi to all bantamweights. Frey has a good record, having fought Tony Ross, of Baltimore a great scrap in his latest encounter at Wilmington.

Eddie Weiss, South Jersey sportsman, is looking about for a spot where he and his partner, Charley Christos, may operate high class boxing shows.

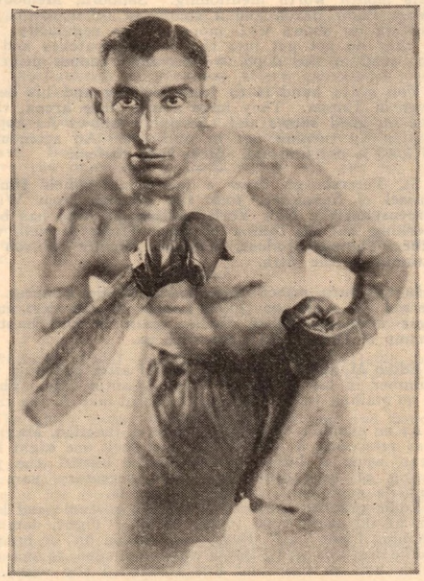
Joe Lynn, Atlantic City representative, has been travelling around the East lining up engagements for his battlers. Willie Davis meets Midget Wolgast at the New Broadway, in Philly and tentative matches with Newsboy Brown, Frankie Genaro and Blas Rodriguez are in the pan. Andy Tomasky, Young Saylor, Ray Fay are all lined up for bouts in the near future.

Looks like the big boys are leery of meeting Ray Lawler, the U. S. Marine light heavyweight. First Frankie Kramer takes the runout powder and then Len Herring refuses to meet the Leatherneck. Lawler is willing to concede weight to get a show.

Al Winkler wrote finale to Eddie Chaney's title aspirations when he stopped the Whitman Park boy in seven cantos at the Camden Convention Hall.

Johnny Hayes defeated Al Delgaldo in the feature bout in Camden's weekly offering.

Sam Penzi, former amateur boxer, latest addition to the stable of Cliff Bent, made an triumphal entry into the professional ranks when he kayoed Gumshoe Pete at Beverly. Sid Fellows defeated Joe Boylan, Camden, at the Murlington Armory.



Ted Achilles, Greek lightweight champion handled by Walk Miller

Andy Divodi, former newsboy, is one of the best welters in the East. Billy Duffy thinks he will be the sensation of the indoor season in New York.

Frankie Youker, Camden bantam, who only trained six years in preparing for a ring career holds the distinction of having lain in horizontal position in the ring oftener than Joe Beckett, Fred Fulton and Watson Finch combined.

"Eagle-eye" Joe Crossin, who was responsible for the success of such good boys as Wally and Stanley Hinkle, Ray Maxwell and others, has another find under his tutelage. Marty Collins is the boy and he has won his eight professional bouts.

Ray Lawler, Marine light heavy defeated Bobby Evans, at the Cambria, knocked out Joe Brown at Norristown and stopped Neil Sullivan at Trenton.

Vincent "Pepper" McNeil and Jimmy Golden fought a sensational scrap at the New Broadway in Philly. Vincent will make it hot for any of the middleweights who crave his game.

Richie Martell, Philly lightweight, gave Willie Patterson an artistic shellacing at Camden and then knocked out Billy Moffo in five rounds at the New Broadway and kayoed Marty Burns at the same club, in four rounds.

Your correspondent wishes to hear from fighters of all weights who wish to engage in bouts in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Communications may be addressed to 1314 N. Hutchinson St., Philadelphia.

An X-ray photo reveals that Micky Blair, the popular Camden lightweight, splintered a bone in his left wrist, which no doubt, is the reason for the pleasing little boxer's rather poor showing in his recent bouts with Chaney and Tim O'Dowd. Mickey was forced to cancel pending bouts with Sammy Moffo, Buck Boyle. Blair forced Tommy "Kid" Murphy to extend himself to win in their eight round fuss at the Crippled Kiddie's benefit show.

Frankie Rapp, the sweet socking southpaw from Camden, slipped the skids under Frankie Youker at the Convention Hall. The end came after Rapp had sent Youker to the canvas for his third and last trip—for that evening.

Edward Smith is promoting weekly shows in the Armory, in Beverly, N. J., and wishes managers of high class fighters to communicate with him as he is drawing capacity crowds.

TRENTON FLASHES
By SOX PINTO

TOMMY (KID) MURPHY of Trenton scored a victory over Mickey Blair of Camden at the Convention Hall in Camden. The first two rounds were even, after that it was all Murphy. A left jab was the main factor, with an occasional one-two.

Joe Reno, Trenton welterweight, beat Vince Dundee, brother of Joe Dundee, world's welterweight champion, in a ten round bout. Reno's cleaner and harder blows won for him the newspaper's decision. This was the second meeting for these boys, the first went to Dundee.

In the semi-final, Sylian Bass of Baltimore, K.O'd. Jim Carroll of Newark in the second round. Carroll was outclassed from the start.

In a special eight round, Chick Emmons beat Young Heppard of Burlington. This bout was full of action throughout.

Young Terry beat Joey Ness in a six round go. Terry had Ness on a verge of a knock-out on two occasions but could not put over the finishing blow.

Pete Nebo of Key West gave Jesse Goss a sweet trimming for ten rounds. Goss was baffled by Nebo's attack. Goss did not win a round.

In the semi-final, Hurbet Gillis of Belgium beat Ray Revier of New York. This bout wasn't so hot. Both boys were trying but neither one could seem to land with any effect.

In his first bout as a professional, Ash Brown K.O'd Al Smith of Washington Crossing in the second round. Brown floored Smith three times before he could keep him down. Brown looks like he might develop into a good fighter. Both of these boys are middleweights.

Pat Haley of Philadelphia beat Johnny Oakey of Trenton in the main bout of ten rounds. This was the second meeting for these boys within a month. The first bout was a draw. Throughout the first seven rounds Haley had a shade. In the eighth a well timed right landed on Oakey's eye, causing a nasty cut. From then on it was all Haley's.

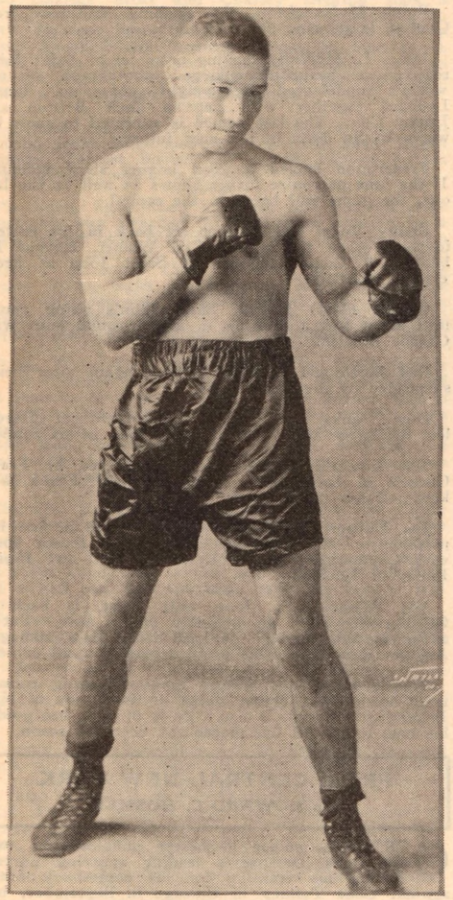
Joe Sharkey made a big hit in his first appearance in Trenton, because of his knockout over Mike O'Dowd of Bristol. In the first round a sharpshooting right gave the fans an inkling of what was going to happen. In the second round before it was a minute old, O'Dowd started a left hook that never landed, for Sharkey stepped inside with a right, landing on the chin, and the bout was over. Both of these boys are welterweights.

Johnny De Marco of Lambertville gave Joey Walker of Trenton a sweet trimming for six rounds. De Marco hit Walker with everything but the water bucket. This was quite a surprise, as most of the fans had figured Walker to K.O. De Marco.

Willie Rheinfeldt of Philadelphia K.O'd Harry Cohen of Camp Dis in the second round of a scheduled eight. A left hook to the body did the trick.

Sylian Bass of Baltimore got the shade over Willie Beetle of Trenton. The bout was even up until the last two rounds. A well timed right from then on won for Bass.

News From Pennsylvania



George Eagel who has just returned from a successful tour of Australia. George is now living in Chicago

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

FEATHERWEIGHT champion Benny Bass made a chopping block of Mike Ballerino in their recent ten round bout at the Arena but the latter was on his feet at the end. Manager Phil Glassman has several New York and Boston bouts in view for Bass.

Those two Philadelphia slugger clown boxers, Al Winkler and Johnny DeMarco collided at the New Broadway recently and the bout ended in a draw. There was plenty of action from bell to bell.

Sammy Hahn is back from the Pacific Coast where he had Dave Adelman in action. The Philadelphia flyweight made a good impression. Hahn is now doing some eastern business for Eddie Shea the clever Chicago battler.

As a result of receiving a slight fracture of his jaw in his bout with Tommy Farley, Willie Patterson will be unable to box for some time.

Promoter Leon Rains of the Arena has been trying to bring Tommy Loughran, the light heavyweight titleholder and Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo together but the latter merely asks for a $15,000 guarantee.

In beating Charley Desmet of Belgium at Trenton recently, Carmen Spagnolia of Phillie suffered a damaged ear and was on the sidelines for a short time.

Lou Lafferty, who stepped out of the amateur ranks, and has been making good as a pro, made a hit in Wilmington when he gained the decision over Tommy Porkey. The West Philadelphia boy will be seen in Phillie rings all winter.

Cliff Bent and Freddy Corbett have a big string of boxers working daily at their gymnasium in Essington, about ten miles from Philadelphia. The list includes: Jack Ketchell, Al Rowe, Sid Fellow, Buddy Burke, Young Ketchell, Tony Mike, and Chappie McLaughin.

That big south Jersey chap Jack Gross, managed by Max (Boo Boo) Hoff looks better every time he goes to the post. His latest victim was Dan Bright, the English heavyweight importation. Gross stowed him away in jig time. Jack has been promised several bouts in "The Garden" this winter.

Johnny Jadick stepped into fast company when he tried to grab a decision from Joe Glick at the Armory, but the New Yorker proved too clever and received the "Yes" at the end of the ten rounds. Jadick has been clamoring for a go with Benny Bass.

Lew Tendler has been "stepping on the gas" to get in shape for his bout with Vincent Forgione. They are two of the most rugged and hardest hitting welterweights in the Phillie district.

Tommy Herman was disappointed because he did not get a chance to meet Tod Morgan, the junior lightweight champion at the Arena. Everything was set, it was billed and all but Morgan had to cancel a few days before the scheduled bout. Morgan has promised to show here later.

The South Philadelphia lightweight, Ernie Caesar, has developed a knockout punch. He recently stowed away Phil Farrell in the fifth round at the New Broadway; in the same show that Tommy Sheeran finished Tommy Lavery in the same round.

It took a lot of overtime matchmaknig by Leon Rains to get an opponent for George Godfrey, the "Black Demon" at the Arena. Any number of heavyweights passed up Godfrey but finally Tom Sayres of Detroit took him on and now the Michigan battler is sorry. Big George would like to get a shot at some of the topnotchers but ever since he knocked out Jim Maloney the managers have been sidestepping all offers.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Babe McGorgery, Oklahoma cowboy won the judges' decision over Bobby Brown, of Atlantic City, after eight furious rounds. This was the second show staged by Gordan Williams indoors this season. In the semi-final Moe Newman of Philadelphia stopped Ray Gibbons in the first round, with a hard right to the jaw.

Jimmy Edwards, popular Reading sportsman is the matchmaker for the McSherrystown Boxing Club. He has staged several good shows.

Jimmy Buglia, Lebanon lightweight is hot on the trail for a return bout with Mickey Casey of Reading.

Joe Kuhns, Reading welterweight, has been going like a house afire since turning pro. He is under the management of George Gross, Reading's popular fight manager.

"Irish" Dick Curtin, Lebanon's clever welterweight, would like another shot at "Sailor" Eddie Grant, these two boys staged a slam-bang affair at Jimmy Edwards arena, in McSherrystown a few weeks ago.

"Skip" Madera, Reading bantamweight, has been showing good form.

"Red" Jimmy Delp, Reading's crack middleweight, continues to make a big hit no matter where he boxes.

The writer would like to hear from good boys of all classes. Address letters to 1116 Old Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pa.

Willie Rich of Reading gave Mickey Casey a whale of a fight in a six round go in their home town a few weeks ago.

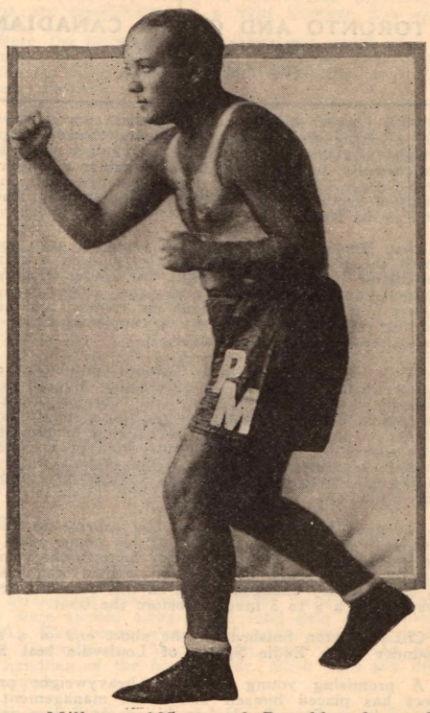
Del Brandt, of Lebanon made a big hit when he clashed with Willie Rich, of Reading, in McSherrystown. Brandt would also like a return go with the former amateur champ.

FROM WILKES-BARRE
By HUGH A. CARR

ONE of the largest crowds that saw a fight this year watched Tiger Flowers hand Pete Latzo a neat trimming at the local ball park.

Billy Pollock of Scranton won over Billy Jones, a stablemate of Flowers. Dick Landig of Edwarsville copped the verdict from Syd Thomas of Nanticoke and Joe Natalino won over Young Nixon in the first preliminary.

Matchmaker Bird of the Armory A. C. is trying to bring together Jackie Britton, Pringle Flash and



Patsy Miller, a 135 pound Brooklyn boy who is making good.

Johnny Dunn of Newtown in a return bout for the bantamweight championship of the State.

Dunn recently won over Britton on a foul but as the title was not at stake Britton still retains the belt. Dunn claims in another match he will kayo Britton.

Britton has enrolled as a student at Wyoming Seminary and at the finish of his term at the West Side institution he will take up a course at Dickinson Law School.

Tommy Loughran, newly crowned light heavyweight champion by virtue of his fifteen-round victory over the veteran Mike McTighe, expects to perform here shortly against the best opponent obtainable.

The local promoters are also angling for a match between Tiger Flowers, Georgia Deacon, and Johnny Risko of Cleveland. Providing this match goes through it will usher in the indoor season at the Armory A. C.

Promoter Burke of Carbondale has staged two fine shows within the past month, featuring mostly local talent. The fans of Pioneer City are solid behind Burke, who never fails to give them their money's worth.

The first show held by Promoter Burke in the month of September, Bud Cicerone of Wilkes-Barre fought a slashing eight-round draw with Willie Beetle, Trenton southpaw.

In the semi-final, Jack Tilden of Dickson City, handed a decisive beating to Stanley (K. O.) Ketchel, pride of Carbondale. By his victory over Ketchel, Tilden is in line for several big matches.

The second show of the month put on by Promoter Burke, Willie Greb of Scranton kayoed Jack Silva of New York in the sixth round of a scheduled eight round bout.

It is expected that another boxing club will be opened up here in the near future with bouts being held at the Gaiety Theatre. Tex Jaffe will probably act as Matchmaker for the new club.

Kid Wolfe of Hazelton has not done any fighting since he was knocked out by Honey Boy Evans of Coaldale. Wolfe should not be discouraged, as the best of them meet the same fate.

Young Gallegher of this city has gone into training in preparation for a busy season. If this youngster can show the same form in the ring as he does in his work outs, he wont be in the preliminary long.

From Canada and Upper New York

TORONTO AND OTHER CANADIAN BOXING NEWS
By JACK JARVIS

THE biggest indoor gathering that ever witnessed a boxing show in Canada saw the Canadian lightweight championship bout, in which Leo Kid Roy successfully defended the diadem against the aggressive George Chabot at the Forum, in Montreal, in 12 heats of hectic battling. Chabot fought a great battle and so did Roy.

Alex Moore, leading Canadian promoter who sponsored the Roy-Chabot shindig, also showed a smart, promising junior featherweight in Young Roger, a French-Canadian with plenty of class. Roger engaged Elmer Watt, of Toronto, over six rounds, and after putting Watt on the canvas a couple of times for "nine," romped home a winner.

Willie Morrisey, former Toronto promoter, and dapper little sportsman, is interesting himself in a classy young featherweight, the former amateur champion, George Preston. Preston has a royal chance to get in the money, with the backing of Morrisey, who spares no expense when interested in a protege. It will be remembered that Willie offered Fidel La Barba $17,500 to defend his title against Alex Burlie, the Canadian.

George Fifield upset a deep laid scheme to knock the welterweight crown from off his dome when he defended his title at short notice against the colored fighter, Dug Lewis, at Toronto. Fifield won easily. A lot of money changed hands on this contest. Lewis was made a 9 to 5 favorite before the bout.

Chris Newton finished on the short end of a six-rounder when Eddie Speaks of Louisville beat him.

A promising young Canadian heavyweight prospect has placed himself under the management of the writer. Sam Rowley is his name. Sam is 23 years old, weighs 200 pounds and stands 6 feet 1. Rowley has had little or no experience in the boxing racket, but shows a whole lot of willingness. It is possible that with a little perseverance this young husky will turn out to be a formidable opponent for some of the contenders inside of 12 months.

Armand Vincent, aggressive young Montrealer, was in Toronto recently and told your correspondent that he expected to feature some brilliant battles in the Quebec metropolis this season. Vincent expects to have Jack Delaney against some stiff opposition on one of his early shows.

Halifax promoters featured a ten rounder between Stevie McDonald, Glace Bay battler, and "Red" McDonald, Halifax contender. The boys fought evenly all the way, and a draw was a good decision.

The next show in Toronto brings together that smart little crack local flyweight, "Frenchy" Bellanger, against Leo Flynn's whirlwind battler, "Newsboy" Brown. Bellanger has bowled over 11 of his last 12 opponents and his deadly punching has accounted for several good boys with high-class reputations. If the Toronto fighter can secure a victory over Brown he can battle it out anywhere and with anyone with claims on LaBarba's vacated crown. Dave Garrity chaperones the sharp-eyed Toronto kid.

"Hank" Woods, rotund Hamilton barber and boxing impressario, has returned to his home town after two years in Cleveland. The huge "Hank" is gathering a couple of good fighters for his stable.

Walter Obenessor, another Hamilton impresario, was in Toronto recently. He wants to get his featherweight sensation, Ray McFarland, in with Leo Kid Roy. "Mac" has been battling with success around California, according to "Oby." McFarland's only appearance around Toronto vicinity was when he stiffened Jackie Jones, Welsh fighter, in four rounds.

George Preston, the smart little Toronto battler, boxes a London featherweight named Hunt at the next show in Toronto. Hunt had better be above the average, or Preston will have him dustin' the resin.

A local fight matchmaker is after the services of Tom Heeney, Charlie Harvey's heavyweight contender, but according to advices the inducements offered will have to be increased considerably before the "Aussie" shows his wares, in Toronto.

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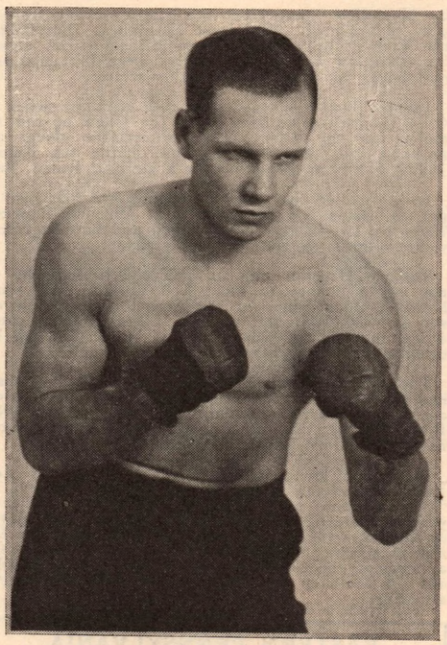


Eddie Robinson, Montreal's star middleweight

IN WESTERN CANADA
By BILL BUXTON

THE boxing season in Western Canada is going to be a record one. Several new promoters and syndicates are in the field, and directly the harvest is concluded some important matches will be offered to the fight fans.

Bud Davies, Vancouver featherweight, is in Calgary. He is anxious to meet the best of Alberta's 126 pounders.

Joe Wilson, Calgary, and Elmer Rathwell, Medicine Hat, are clamoring for a match with Mel Cowie, featherweight champion, who now holds the Buxton featherweight belt.

Negotiations are in progress to promote a welterweight contest between Basil Daines, western Canada champion, and Pollock of Winnipeg.

Tommy White, flyweight champion of western Canada, has returned to Calgary from a tour of the Pacific Coast. His fighting made a great impression upon the Coast fans. He lost only two contests, those being to opponents in the featherweight division. This flyweight was a former sparring partner to the famous Jimmy Wilde.

Another addition to Alberta's fistic colony is "Dandy" Black of Winnipeg. He will shortly appear in a main event contest against a leading Alberta featherweight.

Bill Buxton, director of the Lethbridge Victoria, and Alexandra Hotels and popular Calgary sportsman, who has done so much to improve boxing affairs in Alberta, is having a spacious boxing gymnasium built at the Hotel Alexandra. He will have the gym run along up-to-date lines, and has appointed Frank Brown, former well known English boxer, manager and instructor for the gymnasium.

MARITIME PROVINCES
By LOUIS J. DONOVAN

JOHNNY McINTYRE of Glace Bay, formerly of Maine, is back in his old home town for a trip. He fought a draw with Steve McDonald and beat Johnny Nomis, welterweight champion. Johnny is a veteran of many battles and can still hold his own with the best.

Ralph McNaughton, the slashing southpaw from Quebec, is showing old time form.

James L. McNulty, boxing promoter of Saint John, received a beautiful enlarged photograph of the world's undefeated lightweight champion, Benny Leonard together with veteran Jack Britton and Jimmy Cox. The last named is expected to show his wares in St. John in the near future.

Fredericton staged a good boxing show recently. If the fans patronize future shows as well as the last one, the game will boom in the capital.

Benny Vogel had another set back in his eastern invasion when the referee Carl Walker, stopped his bout with Louis Donovan of Saint John at Fredericton recently.

Charlie (Kid) Joseph, Saint John's rising young mitt artist lost a decision in a four-round bout with Charlie Bowlen.

Red McDonald is back fighting again after being suspended by the commission.

Dow Banks, the rugged lightweight of Devon, lost to Porter McOyntre of Saint John in six rounds.

The Emerald boxing school, conducted by Frank Garnett of Saint John, is progressing. Frank is a keen follower of all sports.

Joe Harnett of Halifax, N. S., made a fine impression on the Beantown fans in his recent bouts with Cannonball Cote of Lewiston, Me., and Jimmy Finlay of Louisville, Ky.

Pat Whipple, St. John mitt artist, is back in fighting form after an operation on his nose. Pat is a big favorite among the local fans. His manager, Arthur Garnett, has his protege ready for all comers.

Connie Rogan, St. John's greatest boxing trainer, is in town after several weeks in the woods of New Brunswick. Connie is also a guide of note, has guided his men to several fine moose and deer this seaon.

FROM CENTRAL NEW YORK
By HOWARD C. HOSMER

OSK TILL, clever Rochester middleweight who was Jack Dempsey's leading sparring partner during his training for his come-back battle against Gene Tunney in Chicago in September, has been putting up some pretty exhibitions in this section of late. Till has improved himself in all ways considerably over his form shown several years ago and is much in demand at the Syracuse Arena A. C., and other show places.

Charlie Arthurs, the hard-hitting Newark 160-pounder, met a whirlwind opponent in Till and dropped the decision to the Flower City battler after ten hectic rounds, during which Till had entirely the better of the milling. Arthurs had previously turned in splendid performances against Young Fisher and Bobby Williams and is still a favorite with Central New York followers.

Bucky Lawless of Auburn finally got what he wanted and made the best of his opportunity when he hooked up with Bill Leonard, Syracuse welterweight, in a six-round main go several weeks ago. Bucky carried the fight to his opponent in every round and won on sheer aggressiveness. He landed almost two punches to every one that Leonard tried on him and won by a mile.

Lawless has been winning frequently of late, the Leonard bout being his last in these parts for several weeks. His recent victories over Eddy Dyer, Joe Saviola of Buffalo and Bill Leonard have brought his stock up considerably.

Showing form which Syracuse fans had hitherto not believed he possessed, Osk Till, the shifty Rochester and Syracuse battler, defeated the veteran St. Paul middleweight, Jock Malone, in ten well-boxed and highly exciting heats. Till was behind on points early in the fight but picked up as the going progressed and finished far enough in front to win the decision.

Red Herring, tough Utica welterweight, easily won the decision over Eddie Burnbrook, hard hitting Baltimore welterweight, in a ten round main go in Syracuse on October 28. In the semi-final go Dorey Shimar, a good 160-pounder from Williamsport, pounded out the decision over Joe Saviola of Buffalo in six rounds.

The next Arena A. C. card is headed by a main go between Bucky Lawless of Auburn and Willie Harmon of New York. The fighting harp from the Prison City has been angling for a match with some of the big timers since his decisive defeat of Billy Leonard and in Harmon is picking a well thought of boy.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

SALINA, KANS.—Eddie Dwyer, "The Bronze Panther," colorful welterweight battler of Hutchinson, Kans., took the edge in a ten-round event with Jack Hurley. In a furious mixup in the semi-final Charley Scott and Charley Deering took a header out of the ring, striking the concrete floor. Both fighters weer rendered unconscious. Speedy Cavill knocked out Battling Nelson in four heats. These boys are colored heavies. Jackie Layman teetered Johnnie Gibbs so fast with a right cross that Gibbs went to sleep in two rounds.

Seminole, Okla.—Norba Vance took a ten round decision from Billy LaFore in a fast, hard fought contest. Chester Butler and Sidney Johnson fought eight terrific rounds to a draw.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Leo Mitchell, Los Angeles middleweight, was awarded the newspaper decision by a small margin over Warnie Smith in a ten round main go. Smith was not in his fighting stride. Hamp McNally plastered Chas. Landers with heaps of leather in an eight round battle, McNally winning by a wide margin. Frankie Smirl and Joe Villa fought six hard rounds to a draw. Flash Ramsey stopped Joe Fernandez in three stanzas.

Tulsa, Okla.—Dave Shade swung too much leather for Al Webster in the feature bout, and carried off the decision by a good margin. Ollie Joyner was in top form again and won handily in ten rounds from Babe Knaup. Ray Jones carried to much kick for Floyd Hall, Referee, Johnny Husong stopping the bout in the fourth round and awarding the fight to Jones as a technical K. O.

Chanute, Kans.—"Cannon Ball" Kopfer and Eddie Dwyer fought ten hard, fast rounds to a draw. The battle was a slam bang affair from start to finish. Kopfer was handicapped with a series of boils and a bad right hand, and Dwyer with a boil on his neck and a bad ear, but the boys gave the fans a real battle.

Kansas Kid Easter was given a slight edge in his fast snappy battle with Tip Welch. Joe Hendrix and Battling Sherwood hit a fast pace in a corking six round encounter with honors even. Fighting Arthur Bradley threw too much leather for Kid Marx, stopping him in the third session of their scheduled four round go.

Kansas City, Mo.—Big Bill Hartwell carried too much artillery for Seal Harris in their scheduled ten round encounter, Hartwell flattening Harris for the fatal ten count in the third round.

Kid Palmer slipped over the sleep producer to Speedy Cavill in the fifth round for a cuckoo lullabye. Sonny Price defeated Danny Lyons over the four round route. Soldier Williams carried off the decision in his six round battle with Ernie Jackson.

Picher, Okla.—Ed K. O. Smith administered a terrific beating to Texas Red Johnson in ten rounds. The fight was a rough bloody encounter from start to finish, with Smith winning most every round. Johnson was on the verge of a K. O. on several occasions, but weathered the grueling duel, but badly battered and also losing a tooth. Iron Man Murdock stopped Soldier Jones in three rounds in a one-sided contest. George Courtright and Oll Bray fought six rounds with the fans favoring Bray as the winner.

George Cox of Mulberry, Kansas, recognized as one of the best referees in southeastern Kansas, is being kept very busy of late. He is officiating as third man in the hemp arenas here.

Wichita, Kans.—Buster Brown, St. Joseph, Mo., featherweight, was in real fighting form when he stopped Battling Clemens in eight rounds of a ten round bout.

Kansas City, Mo.—Eddie Dwyer kept a pace ahead of Ted Lombardo in their ten round mill and carried off the decision. Tommy Carullo annexed his sleep producer on the protruding chin of Steve Ketchell for a K.O. in the eighth round. Denver Kid flashed a steller brand of mitts at Dutch Kimball, carrying off the decision in ten heats.

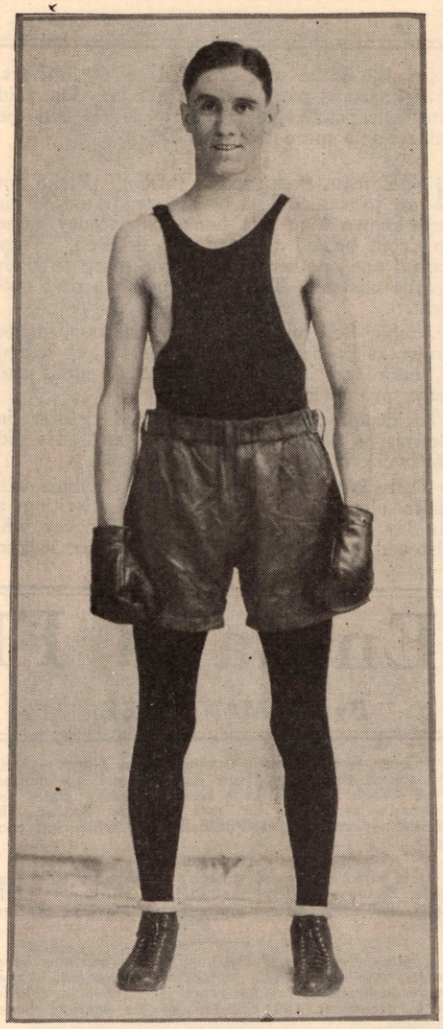
Tulsa, Okla.—Warnie Smith repeated his submarine act against George Courtney as he did against Dave Shade. Courtney won by a mile, going around Smith like a cooper around a barrel. Smith's showing was a displeasing performance, and has lost him a great amount of prestige.

Lou Avery and Buck Curtis fought eight fast thrilling rounds, the contest being called a draw. Fred Whittington and Sid Young slugged eight hard rounds to a draw. Charley O'Connell took the decision over Ray Hunt in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Trabon took an artistic lacing at the hands of Sammy Mandell, lightweight champion. Mandell proved Trabon's master from start to finish. Leo Wax took the edge in a ten round encounter with Bobby Cox. Tiny Roebuck "The Redskin Savage," knocked out Frankie Day in the first round. Al Foreman rocked Babe Picato to sleep in five stanzas.

Joplin, Mo.—Johnny Wagner, "The Durable Dutchman," came from behind in terrific battle with Leonard Fox to earn an even draw with the Oklahoma boy. Fox showed superior skill in the early rounds and was winning by a big margin until the fifth, when Wagner got his bearings and bored in and rocked Fox with a barrage of rights and lefts to even up the score.

Bernie Irvine stopped Kid Mitchell in one round. Flash Ramsey knocked out Young O'Brien in less than two minutes of the first round. Oll Bray won the nod from Johnny Phillips in four rounds. Mickey McNance fought Juddy Smith four hard rounds to a draw.



Phil Zwick, Cleveland's 122 pound boxer who is making headway

NORTHEASTERN OHIO
By F. K. SCHULLER

DEACON THEODORE FLOWERS smacked veteran Joe Lohman, Toledo, down five times but was unable to keep him on the mat here last month. The deacon easily won the decision. The fight was staged at Canton. Red MacDonald, Toledo, defeated up to the seventh by Al Kindler of Alliance, won in that round on a foul. Rec Malloy easily eliminated Pete Star from action in the third. Both are from Canton. Another home town melee between Vince Gilmore and Ted McKenzie was won by Vince in the first via the sleep route. Rattlesnake Robinson, another Canton lad just shaded Jimmie Grant, Akron.

Joe Sekyra, one of the leading light-heavies of the world, according to Billy MacCarney, knocked out Young Fisher in the ninth at Dayton. Sekyra is a real scrapper, and due to climb in the ranks.

Two men belonging to Joe Basco's stable have been carded for a big show to be staged at Buffalo some time in November. They are Sailor Larsen and K. O. Kelley.

Carl Caville and Mickey Fedor, both Canton scrappers who have been pleasing district fans for the last few years, have transferred to Tampa temporarily. Fedor recently met Bermondsey Wells of England in a main mill with Cavelli in the semi against a Cuban, Baby Reys. Both are under the management of another former Cantonite, Norman Ziegler.

Norman Genet, Barberton iron man has been matched by his manager, Harold Walsh for a scrap with George Courtney of Toledo. The fight will be staged at Tulsa, Oklahoma, Courtney's home, and will be Genet's final scrap before he comes East to battle Mickey Walker at the Garden.

Sig Kappen, Beaver Falls, lost to Johnny Indrisano of Boston at Troy, New York.

This Joe Lohman, who recently lost to Tiger Flowers at Canton, has had a really picturesque career. He can retire with a real record behind him. In the class that refuses to stay licked, he has fought five champions, Loughran, whom he defeated in 12 rounds at Erie, Greb, Flowers, Delaney, and Tunney. Of the five Tunney was the only one to kayo him.

Johnny Risko didn't have it any too easy with Romero Rojas who on his last appearance was kayoed by Emmett Rocco of Ellwood City, and because of that difficulty lost much of his former popularity. Fans are clambering for a fight between him and Rocco.

Were the latter to defeat Risko, he would take a giant's stride towards recognition other than that which he has attained through his victories over his recent mediocre opponents.

Young Scarney, of Campbell, also fighting out of Al Zill's crew of pugilists, is another who is due to stack up against something real. The public is getting tired of this set up stuff; this is also doing much to hurt the fight game in general.

Teddy Esterbrook of Niles, journeyed to the Smokey City to win a decision over Bobby Richardsn of Portage.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AND VICINITY
By PATSY DONOVAN

BOXING was resumed on the outskirts of Washington dur.ng the past month by Promoter John S. Blick. In the main event Henry LaMar former amateur light-heavy champion boxed a draw with Marty Gallagher, local heavy. In holding LaMar, Marty surprised the fans as LaMar was a red hot favorite to win over the local entry.

Texas Stovall, Indian middleweight won over Walter McFeeley in the semi-final bout while Sailor McKenna won a decision over Geo. Leslie in a special six rounder.

In the opening six rounder Frankie Weinert knocked out Billy Strickler. The capacity of the house at the Silver Spring Armory was the only thing that held the attendance down under $10,000 as many of the fans were turned away. The total gate being over $8,000. The bouts were held under the Maryland State Commission. Much credit must be given for the handling of the bout as Mr. Blick sure put the show over.

Promoter Blick has moved his enterprises to Baltimore and on November 14 staged his first show there with Marty Gallagher opposing Joe Lohman in the feature bout. Special trains ran from Washington for the show.

Al Foreman, former local boxer is making great strides in the Mid-West boxing under the guidance of Eddie Keane. To-date Foreman has not suffered defeat in fact his only defeat while here was at the hands of Kid Kaplan, who is liable to upset most any of the feathers.

Washington's fight colony has grown by leaps and bounds during the past six months, although boxing is prohibited within the limits of the town. The reason for the continued growth in boxers has been due to the fact that C. E. Cornell former matchmaker for the Aloysus Club here is now staging bouts in several nearby towns.

Eddie Buell and Frankie DeAngelo two local bantams are making rapid strides in nearby towns. DeAngelo has won over thirty bouts this year while Buell is close behind him. Both boys appear regularly on cards in Baltimore.

The American Legion is sponsoring a bill to be presented to congress whereby boxing would be legalized in the District of Columbia. If the bill can be passed Washington is sure to see many championship fights, as Washington is without a doubt one of the best fight towns in the Country, as can be seen by the fact that when two ordinary boxers can draw over 8 000 a distance of seven miles from town.

Three local fighters are now showing their wares in San Juan, Porto Rico in Terry O'Day, Eddie DeSimon and Texas Stovall.

NEW GYM IN SEATTLE

Nate Druxman, Seattle boxing promoter, has opened the National Athletic Club's new gymnasium. Druxman has remodelled the fight training headquarters and critics proclaim it to be the most modern and up-to-date gym in the northwest.

Bert Forbes is in charge. He has lined up a powerful and colorful stable of boxers, available to all coast promoters. Druxman plans to develop plenty of new talent with his added capacity for handling the mitt slingers.

All photographs which appear in each issue in this book may be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 11 West 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

Detroit Gets on Fistic Map

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

DETROIT boasts of an indoor fight arena, a close second to Tex Rickard's new Madison Square Garden in New York. It is called the Olympia.

The Michigan amphitheatre is the last thing in architecture. The seating capacity is a little more than 16,000.

While the 1,600,000 inhabitants of the thriving western city are anxiously awaiting the appearance of Hank Ford's new car, the sporting element is waxing enthusiastic over the new building.

At the invitation of the promoters a flock of New York scribes made the trip to Detroit to sit in at the opening ceremonies. They had a wonderful time.

No sooner did they get off the Detroiter than a committee hustled them off to the Statler Hotel where they enjoyed a good breakfast. A sightseeing trip followed, which was enjoyed immensely.

The fans stormed the gates two hours before the first preliminary was staged. When Johnny Risko and Tom Heeney climbed through the ropes the place was crowded to the rafters. Five thousand more couldn't get in. The paid attendance amounted to nearly 17,000 and the net receipts more than $60,000.

THE main event was a thriller. Risko got off to a good lead by the steady use of his well known long left hook but Heeney came on from behind to earn the decision. They socked one another all over the place to their heart's content. There was never a dull moment.

Archie Bell and Johnny Vacca supplied the fireworks in the semi-final. The former scored a knockdown in one of the early rounds and came on to win by himself.

Incidentally, they have a good referee in Detroit in Elmer (Slim) McClelland. He did fine work in the main event.

There is no doubt but that the Olympia will make plenty of money. At this writing a six-day bike race is in motion. Hockey will also add figures on the right side of the ledger.

BEFORE the fight the fight the scribes were dined and "wined" at the Detroit A. C. It was a wonderful dinner. Bill McCarney pulled his famous bull story which went over big. Sam Taub, of *The Morning Telegraph* and "Doc" Morris, of *The Evening Post* had their own troubles trying to sort out the terrapin.

Tom Biggar and Charley Hall, high commissioners of fistiana in that section, proved wonderful hosts. Not forgetting Charley Hughes, whose middle name is hospitality.

The New York delegation which graced its presence at the big opening included the writer, Ire Dorgan, of Madison Suare Garden; Taub, Jack Farrell, Jim Jennings, Marty Berg, Joe Williams, Murray Lewin, Damon Runyon, Joe Humphries, who was imported for the purpose of announcing for which he received $200, the highest he has ever been paid; Don Skene, Jack Morris, Ed Van Every, James Dawson, in addition to Jimmy Bronson and Frank McDonald.

New England Flashes

By COLMAN J. NEE

THE past month has been a quiet one in boxing circles hereabouts, but with the advent of colder weather, things are sure to "perk" up for the boys who give and receive for the "cash" customers.

The Argonne A. A. and the Puffolk A. A. of Boston are presenting "sure fire" cards of boxing for the Beantown fans whose loyal support has done much to keep boxing on the high level it has reached today in this section.

Willie Harmon of New York defeated Clyde Hull of Texas here the past month in a torrid scrap wherein Harmon's aggressiveness entitled him to the award. The semi windup between Bobby Brown of Lowell and Joe Knapp of New York resulted in a victory for Knapp in a thrilling contest, it far eclipsed the main affair in the matter of action, and the boys were given an ovation at the close of their melee. The Argonne A. A. sponsored this show.

The Suffolk A. A. presented Tom Sayers of Detroit against dusky Roy Mitchell of Canada here recently in a dull listless affair devoid of action from start to finish, both boys "made" desperate faces at each other for the ten rounds, at the conclusion of which Sayers' proficiency in said faces earned him the award.

Joe Hambone Kelley returned to the fistic wars at this show and defeated Dan Cronin in a round. Kelley is without a doubt one of the greatest drawing cards in this section, a terrific puncher with "worlds" of ability if he would only take the game seriously.

Jack Sharkey, Boston contender for heavyweight honors, is in hard training for a busy winter campaign. His manager has "imported" four sparring partners from New York to help whip Jack into shape. Sharkey's first bout is with Tom Heeney at the Garden, and Tom is sure to make matters interesting for the Bostonian.

Al Mello of Lowell is another New Englander who has his eyes on the welter crown, and with the sensational Johnny Andrisano, also from these parts in the same class, it looks as if Joe Dundee the present incumbent, is due for plenty of opposition. Andrisano has already defeated Dundee at catchweights and since then he has taken tough Tommy Freeman into camp. Mello is aching for another "shot" at Ace Hudkins whom he is confident he can defeat.

If some of the managers and promoters of boxers and clubs would "bury the hatchet" and shake hands all around, it would be a good thing for the sport, especially in this vicinity, where a boxer or a manager's success is always sure to bring the wrath of the "knockers" upon his head.

The Suffolk A. A. has signed Tony Canzoneri and Red Chapman for a feature bout here soon and the popular Red will sure have to step his best to win from the fast stepping New Yorker.

Johnny Scully, South Boston "Iron Man," is still in demand throughout New England and his mentor, Fred Wiederhold, is kept busy accepting dates for Johnny's services. He met Georgie Balduc, the Maine boy recently at Pittsfield in a whirlwind contest.

It is rumored around Boston's Newspaper Row that little Sammy Fuller, the idol of Boston's Little Italy, will soon perform under Frank Marlowe of New York.

Tommy Nee, one of the best of the bantams herebouts, who has been in temporary retirement, is once more in training for fistic action. Nee is a colorful little performer and the idol of his section, South Boston.

Tim "Rockey" Stone, Harry Kelley's ace of laughs, is pining for action and genial Harry is looking for a comedian to outlaugh Rocky. If he is successful, the fans who can remain serious, should join the "hole in one" club.

The clearness of the pictures in the past issue of The Ring relative to the title heavy contest between Gene and Jack evoked favorable commendation from the fans in this section who read The World's Foremost Boxing Magazine.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By RICHARD WASHBURN

ON Monday, Oct. 10, Jimmy Finley, Louisville welterweight, beat Danny Cooney of Philadelphia. Cooney was floored five times by his opponent.

In the semi-final Harry Scott, Atlantic City Negro lightweight, won on a foul in the fourth round over Arnold Ryan of Boston. In the other bouts Frank Curcio, Providence lightweight, beat Baby Dahl, Waterbury dusky gen'man, in a bloody eight rounder; Bernie McQuade, Worcester welter, knocked out Matty Spencer Hartford junior welter, in the opening moments of the first round and Young Roche, Holyoke bantam, beat Mickey Flynn, of Providence, in the opening four rounder. Roche scored two knockdowns.

Holyoke staged another show on October 24 which was much more of a financial success than was the Finley-Cooney card. The feature contest ended very unsatisfactorily in the fifth round when Joey Kaufman, New York junior lightweight, was awarded the decision over Sammy Offerman, California prospect on a foul. Steve Smith, Bridgeport junior light, trounced Tommy Dunn, Holyoke knockout artist, in the ten round semi-final. Dunn dropped his opponent in the first round.

Jules Sombathy young Bridgeport lightweight, brother of Steve Smith, won a close decision over Teddy Seidman, Holyoke veteran feather in eight rounds. Art O'Day, Easthampton, Mass., welter, knocked out "Joe" Sawa, his Chicopee rival in the third round of their return bout, the referee stopping the fight after Sawa had taken his seventh trip to the canvas. The curtain raiser ended in the same fashion when Shorty Britt, Springfield, Mass., lightweight won out over Bill Tyrod, of Westfield, Mass., at the end of the first round, Tyrod having been floored twice.

Freddy Mueller and Eddie Elkins, Buffalo and New York lightweights respectively, returned to Holyoke on October 31 to put on another terrific match, in which Mueller again outboxed and outspeeded his adversary.

In the ten round semi-final, Young Tiernan, Providence lightweight, decisively defeated Al Matera, of New York.

The results of the preliminaries were as follows: Joe Tryano, New Haven flyweight, beat Young Ledoux, Holyoke 4; Young Roche, Holyoke, beat George La Bate, Boston bantam, 4; Frank Moore, Medford, Mass., feather, beat Rene Chabot, Holyoke, 4; and Shorty Britt, Springfield, Mass. beat a fellow townsman, Jimmy Dunn, in a fourth four rounder.

The same night Pittsfield staged a card featuring Georgie Balduc, former junior lightweight star, from Lewiston, Me., against Johnny Scully, Boston lightweight. Balduc won an easy decision in a slow ten rounder. Cannonball Cote Portland, Me., beat Dixie Kid Shaw, Boston, middle in eight rounds, Young Duquette, of Pittsfield, knocked out Jimmy James Turners Falls, Mass., bantam, in five rounds, and Young Emmett another local pride, knocked out Young Bozo, of Adams, Mass., in the opening round.

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In California and the West

By THERON FISKE

California feels mighty proud of Jimmy McLarnin after the way he polished off Kid Kaplan in eight rounds at Chicago.

Taking on Kaplan, considered the toughest nut to crack in the lightweight class, and then the hardhitting Billie Wallace for his New York debut, has shown that all hundred-thirty-five pounders look alike to McLarnin.

Walking in where champions feared to tread, McLarnin more than lived up to the promises that preceded him from out of the West.

The Irish Wizard and his younger brother, Sammy, recall to mind another great brother combination—the Gibbons duo, Mike and Tom. While Tom's record is fresher in the recollections of present day fans, the work of Mike is more impressive. The St. Paul Phantom was without question one of the smartest ring men of all time.

* * *

Jack Dempsey came home to a welcome seldom accorded defeated heroes. Civic leaders headed by Jack Doyle, California's premier promoter, a band and thousands of wildly cheering fans attested to the fact that the home-town still thinks Jack is the real champion—particularly after reviewing the picture of the fight and studying the slow-motion of the much discussed seventh round.

* * *

Dempsey has received an offer from the enterprising citizens of a little valley town to become their mayor, at a salary of $10,000 and a free deed to a ten acre homesite. Another very modest proposal, by a gentleman of a northern hamlet, was an offer to condition Jack by secret and scientific methods, with the guarantee that Dempsey would stop Tunney in four rounds and grab back his old title. Failing that, no pay would be expected by the northern gentleman for his efforts.

Hardly before Dempsey had had time to bathe and shave, rich guarantees, which Tex Rickard could barely duplicate during the indoor season, began pouring in. The home-town wants its idol to box Tom Heeney. If Dempsey lends an attentive ear, steps will be taken to secure the Coliseum—which structure can be arranged to accommodate a hundred thousand people. Ancil Hoffman, San Francisco promoter, made a serious proposal to Dempsey to sign for a go in the old Tanforan race track. Hoffman asserted that the ex-champ and a suitable opponent would draw three hundred thousand dollars.

* * *

During the run of the Dempsey-Tunney pictures in Los Angeles, an enterprizing exhibitor afforded the fight fans considerable amusement by reviving the old Ad Wolgast—Joe Rivers films. The pictures of the famous double knockout at Vernon nearly fifteen years ago showed among many things what the well-dressed young man of that day wore, drawing forth more laughs than the family album.

In the historic thirteenth round both battlers were on the floor, with the referee raising Wolgast and counting out Rivers. The training camp scenes showed Jack Doyle as the genial proprietor, Tom Jones, with considerably less bulge at the belt, as manager of Wolgast, and the fiery Joe Levy as Rivers' manager. Happily to say, all are still actively engaged in the sport, with the exception of Wolgast.

* * *

Armand Emanuel, clever San Francisco Jewish light-heavy, has completed his examination and has been admitted to practice law. Legal battles, however, must give way to fistic battles. Emanuel is withholding the hanging out of the shingle until his boxing days are done.

Frankie Grandeatta, the bantam shiek of Portland, sends word that he is coming back to Los Angeles to show the young sprouts a few tricks.

The world's flyweight tournament at Hollywood came to a close on October 28th, with the veteran Johnny McCoy of Rochester, Cleveland, El Paso and way points having the honor of being crowned champion by the California Commission, to succeed Fidel La Barba who, undefeated, retired last fall to enter Stanford University.

Johnny McCoy, veteran of some three hundred ring battles, is one of those freaks who find themselves at an age when other fighters start on the down-grade. McCoy admits seeing thirty summers and as many winters. "Windy" Windsor managed McCoy into the title.

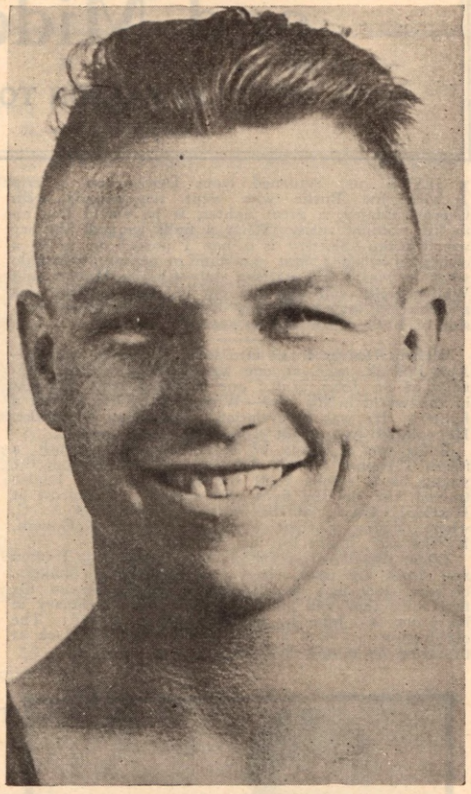
Too much praise can't be given Tom Gallery, who corralled all the pint size battlers of reputation and stuck to them to the finish.

* * *

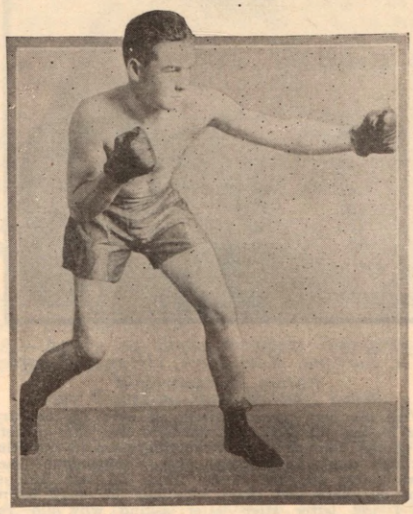
Los Angeles and San Francisco promoters are bidding against each other for big bouts. Dempsey is wanted by North as well as South promoters, as in the Callahan-Ritchie shindy. Sammy Baker is wanted by the South to go against both Mushy Callahan and Bert Colima. The North is offering real money to the top-kick to battle Eddie Roberts. It's a wild scramble—and the fans like it.

* * *

Ancil Hoffman, San Francisco promoter, may get the State Armory for matches. According to the chatter of the wise, Harry Morrison, after several unsuccessful attempts to get a permit from the Commission, is to step down—at least temporarily. Morrison has a lease on the Armory but no permit. Hoffman has a state permit but no indoor arena. Things may work around yet. Our fight racket is only three years old.



Leo Lomski of Aberdeen, Wash., whose victory over Yale Okun in Madison Square Garden raised his stock sky high among light heavies



Jimmy McLarnin, the "Irish Wizard," California's greatest lightweight.

Two huge gentlemen of color are wintering in California. Big Bill Tate finds Los Angeles more to his fancy, while John Lester Johnson wears his cane in San Francisco.

Charley Jones blew in from Louisville with Babe Ruth, a classy looking featherweight. Also Midget Mike O'Dowd, bantam, who put up a couple of real fights at Hollywood a year ago.

It's open season for southpaws hereabouts. At the Manhattan gym in Los Angeles we counted seven portsiders one afternoon: Danny Kramer, Jimmy Murphy, Sammy Rothstein, Pico Ramies, Lefty Cooper, Vinceto Alligata and Jackie Carr.

* * *

A couple of 'Pud' Perdue's West Virginia battlers will be seen in California rings this winter. 'Pud' is bringing West K.O. Johnny Roberts, who has wins over Farmer Joe Cooper, Al Wolgast, Alex Simons, et al. The sensational Virginian schoolboy will probably go to the post against Johnny Adams, Eddie Roberts, or Lew Tendler. Dick McDonie, hard-hitting junior lightweight of the Perdue stable, is in line for bouts with Doc Snell and Pedro Amador.

Battling Baker, Los Angeles heavyweight, looks like a tough nut, with a string of knockouts as long as his arm. He thinks Oscar Baker is the greatest fighter in this world at least, and every time he enters the ring he makes a howling mob think much the same sort of thing.

Lew Tendler writes that he is coming out here again, saying that the local sunshine makes him feel like a kid. He advises that a few youngsters be made ready for battle.

Life is one come-back after another for Terrible Tommy O'Brien. The Terrible One breezed into town and announced that he was off for the Springs for a few weeks. More terribly, he added that he would then be ready for the ring, to show some budding lightweights how to do this and that.

After a long and needed rest, Eddie Huffman has proclaimed his intentions of returning to the battleground. Eddie's friends maintain that, he was worked to death in the East.

Wad Wadhams, Jack Doyle's Olympic Club matchmaker, got the winter season underway by offering new faces and Eastern front-runners—to which the fans took kindly.

* * *

Numbered among the many fighters who have received transportation to Los Angeles were Pete Latzo, former welterweight champ, Stanislaus Loayza, Bud Taylor, Joey Sangor, Eddie Shea, Johnny Farr, Johnny Hill Danny Kramer, and Lew Tendler. All were loud in their praises of the fairness of local fans.

At Recreation Park, San Francisco, nine thousand fans saw their idol Jimmy Duffy outbox Sergt. Sammy Baker, for four rounds. But then he ran into a series of terrific rights to the jaw, to crash on the canvas in the fifth. At nine he arose, too weak to hold up his hands.

The crafty non-com rushed cross to finish him. Duffy let go a wild right, clinched, hurt and weak. The referee broke them, hoisting Baker's arm, saving Duff from a certain knockout. The Sergeant lifted Jimmy off his feet, gently lugging him to his corner. The soldier's end was five thousand—one grand a round.

* * *

Frank Schuler has a surprise up his sleeve for Bay district fans in the form of a brand new million dollar arena. The new Dreamland, rising phoenix-like from the old, occupies some sixty thousand square feet of San Francisco, and in construction and appointments it's the la-ast word. As the showplace of the West, seating ten thousand, and with Frank Schuler directing, this new arena befits the talents of the great of fistiana.

* * *

The wise men offered two for one on Stanislaus Loayza to beat King Tut, giving the suckers a draw. Odds and gamblers, apparently, meant nothing to Tut, who presented the favorite with one of the most one-sided beatings ever seen in a Los Angeles ring.

* * *

According to the buzzings of the dope bugs, Mickey Walker is to defend his title in an outdoor show at Los Angeles against Bert Colima. When kingpin of the welters, Mickey stopped the man from the neighboring republic in seven rounds. For a warm-up fight, 'tis buzzed, Mickey is to trade wallops with Punch-em Paul Berlenbach—which, as a warm-up, the smart ones say, will be pretty hot.

Fighters seeking information on matters relative to their profession in California are invited to correspond with the writer at 1556 Taylor Street, San Francisco.

FRISCO LEFT-HOOKS

By J. MALDONADO

FRANKIE KLICK stopped Portland Tommy O'Brien in the seventh round of a 10 round bout here. Irwin used good judgment in stopping the uneven contest.

Lefty Cooper knocked out Art Francis in the second round.

Al Robinson, after winning four rounds from Pablo Dano got a cut over his eye and Referee Landers stopped the bout and awarded it to Dano. Al claims he will be flyweight titleholder in 1928 despite this defeat.

Harry Wallace and Billy West fought a draw. Joe Montes beat Charley Miller in the opener.

Speedy Dado scored a K.O. over Frankie Novey in the seventh round.

Tom Corbett defeated Harry Dedderman in the semi-final.

John Lester Johnson, veteran heavyweight, knocked out Roy Cliffe in one round.

Sammy Offerman, Pop John Burdick's junior lightweight with an Irish smile, is in New York City where he is being looked after by Charley Cook, who represents Pop back here. Since his arrival in the east, Sam has defeated Tommy Dunn (twice), Eddie Lord, Al Matera, Harry Scott, Phil Goldstein, ko'd young Tiernan and held Nat Kawler, Steve Smith and Bobby Garcia on even terms.

Speedy Dado won a 10 round decision over Frankie Murray at Oakland.

Johnny Norman, cousin to Johnny Dundee, got a draw with Angel De La Cruz. Johnny fought a heady battle and looked good. Young Pancho Villa beat Mickey Britton.

Johnny McCoy, Windy Winsor's flyweight entry for the title vacated by Fidel La Barba, beat Pablo Dano in 10 rounds. Dano was entitled to a draw and forced the fighting throughout.

Billy Adams won on a foul from Joey Silver in the second round. Before the bout started, Joey asked Irwin to which corner he should walk to when he Ko'd Billy. Toby Irwin just smiled.

Lefty Cooper and Walter Cleghorn battled to a draw. K.O. Brown and Roy Cliffe fought a draw, as did Harry Wallace and Pakey O'Gatey. Al Gracio knocked out Chip Miller in the third. Watch this Gracio boy!

Fidel La Barba is now attending Stanford University.

Young Nationalista scored a K.O. over Pedro Torres in the second round. Roy Cliffe stopped Harry Dedderman in the fourth round. Benny Wolfe was floored in the first but scored a K.O. over Battling Ortega in the third.

The surprise of the night was when Charley Miller won over Harry Wallace, veteran colored feather who was a big favorite. Joe Montes enjoyed an artist's evening by giving Teddy Meske an artistic lacing.

Young Johnny Burns was given a decision over Joe Roche.

Benny Kid Carter won all of ten rounds from Angel De La Cruz. Marcel Thuru defeated Ray Beeney in the semi-final.

Billy Adams defeated Paul De Hate in a torrid ten round bout. Adams took seven rounds. Walter Cleghorn defeated Billy Vincent, scoring one knock-down.

Johnny Norman, the best looking bantam in these parts, lost on a k.o. to Sidney White in the fifth round. Up to the time the bout was stopped, Johnny Norman was giving White an awful lacing. Referee Landers stopped the bout because of cut over Johnny's eye.

Charley Miller lost a hair-line decision to Joe Abramson and Mike Bailey beat Orville Starrett.

Marty Harris, former New York lightweight, is on the Coast seeking bouts. Marty is a good boy and should have little difficulty connecting. He has placed himself under the management of Doc Cole, who sells The Ring at his newsstand in Sacramento and is one of its biggest boosters. Doc thinks Harris will make good but is still waiting for a shot for his new charge. With Marty came another Eastern boy, Hunter, a novice 140 pounder but a fine prospect. Doc Cole's address is 320 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Captain John Flammer, the Key-hole detective manager, is now doing business for Spark Plug Boyd and a lad named Cleghorn.

KO Eddie Roberts is right again and reports to be in fine condition. Eddie will not box here. He will leave for New York Immediately.

Billy DeFoe is here again. Billy is the boy who gave Sammy Compagno a neat trouncing last year. Promoters tried to sign Billy up again, but Billy was already signed elsewhere.

Speedy Dado, Frank Churchill's new flyweight, stopped Roy Riley in seven rounds.

Jack Silver was K. O.'ed in one round by Jack Priston.

Joey Silver, brother to Jack, got even and stopped Jack Priston in four rounds at the opening of the Observatory's new hall where they will show till the new building is finished. The new arena will seat 10,000 and will open around March.

Dynamite Murphy beat Patsy Sweeney of St. Paul in the semi-final. Al Gracio beat Jack Kirk and looked good. Johnny Fambrini stopped Georgie Leonard in three rounds, and Bruno Bretucci and Sam Nicolini boxed a draw.

Speedy Dado stopped Carl Navia, who substituted for Mickey Erno, in two rounds. It was easy for Dado who scored three knock-downs in the first.

Boy Walley and Harry Goldstein boxed a great ten round draw down at Hollywood and according to Paddy Ryan, Walley's manager, says it was the greatest flyweight contest ever seen there in a decade.

Johnny Norman, cousin to Johnny Dundee is one of the best bantams on the Pacific Coast. Frisco is his home.

Shots From Michigan and Middle West

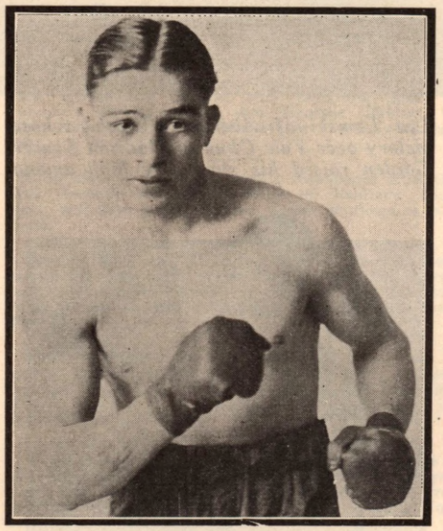
By PARSON TOMMY McGINITY

I HAVE just returned from Denver on a trip with Joe Burke who went ten rounds with George Manley, a great fighter, if he would live up to his training rules. What a fight he and Slattery would make—Slattery is a boy I picked up to be a champion when I first saw him in action at Buffalo when he was a kid starting out—Charlie Murray and Walter Kelly will bear me out in this—Slattery was a revelation, long before any of the eastern scribes outside of Buffalo saw him in action.

Well in Denver I ran into some of the old guards—Abe Pollock, who at one time handled Eddie Connolly of St. John, Neb.; one of the greatest fighters in the world in his time—What a puncher! What a fighter! He was a revelation! Ask Tom O'Rourke. He will tell you about Connolly.

Eddie was a buddy of Mysterious Billy Smith, a fellow I trained for his fight with Peter Jackson, the young black smoke from the Pacific Coast. I also trained him for the fight with dusky Joe Wolcott at Hartford, Conn., at Bill Crowley's Nutmeg A. C. where Young Corbett dethroned Terry McGovern. By the way, Terry lost his title that night.

While travelling on Pullman's in club cars, I often run into big men, shoe manufacturers, bankers, brokers, and men in all kinds of business—and the first word they will put to you is, would Dempsey in his prime lick John L. Sullivan. Who knows? The old Boston boy was a great socker. So was Jack at the time he fought Willard.



Vic Burrone, New York, clever and hard hitting bantamweight

With my long acquaintances all over the country, some of the old boys, matchmakers and club owners, get peeved because I don't mention them in the Ring and they don't figure you cannot write about their shows unless you see them. That old man jealousy crops out here and there especially in small towns, and I get letter after letter asking why did you overlook me, Parson? Well, boys, I don't mean to.

There are good fighters here but they don't figure on that grand old play, "It pays to advertise." Let the managers send in their names to me and the picture of their good fighter and I will see to it they get a front page, with a story, if they will send me the dope on their boy or boys.

Now to all I will make this proposition: they can send me their champion or near champion, and I will give them a rate. There will be no commission deducted for my part of it. I will give them the space, and the full story, gratis. Let them pay the cost to the publisher for it costs The Ring a fortune to keep boxing before the public. Advertising in The Ring is cheap, boys. You are foolish if you don't use this medium. When you're boosted in The Ring, it soon means a big shot in the East.

The next one they will shoot at you, was Tunney as clever as Jim Corbett, Pompadour Jim—as we called him years ago, or who was the greatest boxer you ever saw? My answer to the last is young Griffo. He was a marvel, I saw old Jim Mace box Prof. Mike Donovan at the Broadway club in a benefit and I would have liked to have seen him when he was in his prime. What wonderful left hand he had!

Then there is Pompadour Jim. He was a revelation. The greatest boxer of all the heavyweights. But to my way of thinking old Professor John Donaldson, who taught both Corbett and Jeffries, was the daddy of them all. Of course John L. beat him twice, but Donaldson was a great boxer nevertheless, a wonder.

Well to go back to Denver I met my old friend Reddy Gallagher who I saw give Peter Jackson a great exhibition bout at Cleveland when I was selling papers. The old red head is a sport writer on the Denver Post. Abe Pollock is also writing sports out there. They still look like chickens.

I got back to Detroit too late to witness Tom Heeney—Charles Harvey's big fellow win over Johnny Risko but I was pleased to hear the affair was a huge success.

Lest you forget it who made Gene Tunney, next to that grand old man of the boxing game, Billy Gibson? Nobody else but little Ray Campbell of the Cleveland News! How? Through good publicity. Ray always has been fond of Gene and he put his name in the limelight. The rise up the ladder of fistiana is a hard climb, but take it from me Ray Campbell was the boy who put Gene up there—and don't forget that!

Well Detroit is now on the map and in my next story you will get another man who is responsible for it. None other than little Frank MacDonell, who has made the game what it is in the city of Detroit.

Chraley Moore's kid, Ward Sparks, made good. He beat Frank Churchill's ace, Trip Limbaco.

Moore is now after Bud Taylor. They will fight here in Detroit. Al Werbe, with his Swede, Clarence Rosen, who fought four champions and beat Steve Nugent here at the big show is another boy after Taylor's title.

Jimmy Brady's Frankie Glore, won another battle last week. He beat Jack Scarton of Newark. Carl Mazzolla scored another knockout, the banana boy looks like a coming champion.

Celebrities from all over the country were here at the Detroit's opening show at the Olympia arena. The old master, Joe Humphreys, did the announcing, in his usual way. There is only one announcer and that's Mayor Walker's and Al Smith's little pal, Mr. Humphreys.

Matt Hinkel, millionaire sportsman headed the Cleveland delegation. In the party were the members of the Cleveland Boxing Commission, the great Larry Lajoie, former big league star baseball player, Happy Hughes, Jack Harris, also M. J. McGinty, the one man county commissioner of Cuyahoga county, Cleveland—Tommy Whalen, Don McLain, Ray Campbell, Stuart Bell, and hundreds of other loyal fistic fans.

Charley Harvey, and his brother Ed, looked after big Tom Heeney, while Daniel Dunn, former New York boy, now making his home, looked after Risko.

Slim McClelland, refereed the Risco-Heeney bout which was a close one to judge, but he did his usual job in big league style. Harry Tuthill, Slim Hennessy, Allie Day, were the other referees of the evening.

Carl Tremaine and Joe Peppers, are now running a large gym at Cleveland. The former Cleveland bantam has laid aside the gloves for good.

Carlo Mazzolla is a great club fighter. He won here in the Olympia's opening show.

Clarence Rosen, and Steve Nugent put up one of the best fights of the night—it was a slam bang argument all the way, with Rosen the winner.

Al Meyers, Michigan's junior lightweight contender, has left Johnny Kilbane, and is now under the management of E Mitchie. In his first time out at the Moose club he gave Tony Ross a good shellacking. Tony put up his usual slam bang fight, but Meyers was too clever for him.

Mitchie is well liked by all the local promoters. A good decent fellow who will get his boy plenty of work around Michigan and elsewhere.

At the Fairview A. C. Billy Stob, of Detroit knocked out Jack McGowan, of Chicago in the seventh round with a right hand punch to the solar plexus, McGowan being out for ten minutes.

In Our Question Box

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Louis Bass, Brooklyn, N. Y

Q.—Was Dempsey knocked out twice when he was an amateur?

A.—Not according to records.

Q.—Who will Tunney fight next¿

A.—Winner of an elimination tourney.

Q.—Is Monte Munn out of the running as a championship contender?

A.—Apparently.

Edward Davis, N. Y. C.

Q.—Could Jack Johnson beat Dempsey, both in their prime?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is a fighter permitted to have grease on his hands?

A.—No rule against it.

Q.—What is Dempsey's nationality?

A.—American born, Scotch-Irish descent.

Wm. Werner, Phila., Pa.

Q.—I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 5½ inches and 126 lbs., what class am I in?

A.—Featherweight.

Q.—Can Sharkey beat Heeney?

A.—Heeney should win.

Q.—Do fight fans like sluggers or boxers?

A.—Majority of fans like hard hitters.

Jack Kelly, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Is it o. k. for a boxer to train in the basement of his home?

A.—Perfectly legal, but a poor place to train.

Q.—How man I develop a good punch? good footwork?

A.—Punch the bag; shadow boxing. Buy a copy of "Training for Boxers."

Q.—What are the weights for each division?

A.—112, 118, 126, 135, 147, 160, 175.

J. H. Hye, Honolulu, Hawaii

Q.—Where can I get an amateur or professional boxing license?

A.—If you wish to box in Hawaii, consult hte boxing authorities of that country. If you aim to come to America, see A. A. U. officials in Frisco, or the California Boxing Commission.

P. A. Trenton, N. J.

Q.—Could Dempsey in his prime knock out Tunney?

A.—Yes, because Tunney was a beginner in 1919 when Dempsey was at his best.

Q.—Where can I get a picture of Dempsey?

A.—Write to Publisher of RING.—Price $1.00.

Chas. S. Quigley, Bally, Pa.

Q.—Who would win a TunneySharkey fight?

A.—Tunney would be favorite.

Q.—At what count could Tunney have gotten up if he had wanted to?

A.—As Tunney did not get up until 9, it is evident he thought it unwise to arise sooner.

L. H. Barber, Pataskala, Ohio

Q.—In what round did Tunney cut Dempsey's eye?

A.—Eighth round.

M. H. Andrews, Aquashicola, Pa.

Q.—What is the regulation size of the ring in London?

A.—20 feet square.

Q.—Who would win a Tunney-Godfrey bout?

A.—Tunney.

Frank Monaco, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What is Sammy Mandell's right name, age, and nationality?

A.—Samuel Mandell; age 23; American born of Italian, Albanian parents.

Q.—I am 22 years old, weigh 174 lbs. 5 ft. 10 inches. What class would I be in? What is the name and address of a good manager?

A.—Light heavyweight; Howard Carr, 32 South Clark St. Buy a copy of "How to Train." Price $1.00.

Kid Ruskin, Cincinnati, Ohio

Q.—Is 24 years too old to start fighting? Where can I get a manager in Chicago¿

A.—Yes, unless you have learned how to box. Howard Carr, 32 South Clark St.

A Reader, Urbana, Ill.

Q.—Where can I get a manager in this city?

A.—Write to Long and Kane, Garrick Theater, Chicago.

T. Svaicari, N. Y. C.

Q.—Who would win a Paolino-Sharkey bout?

A.—Sharkey.

John Sherman, Ansonia, Conn.

Q.—I am 14 years old, 5 ft. 7 inches and weigh 150 lbs. What will my weight be at full growth? Is 16 years old o. k. to start boxing as an amateur?

A.—Should be 6 ft. 2 in., 200 pounds. Do not delay light boxing until 16.

F. Y. Ancon, Canal Zone.

Q.——I am 5 ft. 11¼ inches, 147 lbs., 16 years old. At what age will I be a heavyweight? Will hard training stunt my growth?

A.—Should weigh 180 at 20; hard training injurious to boy of 16.

Chas. Michelsen, N. Y. C.

Q.—How and where can I get a professional boxing license?

A.—Apply to State Athletic Commision, 949 Broadway.

Peter Coppola, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—I am 16 years old, 120 lbs., 5 ft. 6 inches and would like to be an amateur boxer. Where can I get a manager? What class am I in?

A.—Write to Harry Gordon, 1017 Windsor St., Hartford. If you can train to 118 pounds without weakening yourself, you are bantam.

Frank R. Young, Canal Zone.

Q.—I am 16 years old, 5 ft. 11¼ inches, 147 lbs. Am I too young to engage in hard training? Is it o. k. to engage in a match with a boy of 23 years if we are evenly matched physically and have the same knowledge of the game?

A.—Light work best for boy of your age. Box with boys of your own age.

H. James, Toronto, Canada.

Q.—I am 5 ft. 6½ inches and weigh 136. How can I improve my footwork?

A.—Shadow boxing and rope skipping. Buy a copy of "Training for Boxers."

Sidney Schachter, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—What is the best book I can get on general training for boxing?

A.—There is none to equal Nat Fleischer's "Training for Boxers." Get it from the RING office. Price $1.00.

A Ring Reader, Pitts, Pa.

Q.—Is there a book on boxing by Mike Gibbons? How can I get one?

A.—No. There is one, a very fine one, by Nat Fleischer, publisher of the RING.

Peter Connaughton, N. Y. C.

Q.—Was Luther McCarty's death caused by injuries received in the ring or was he murdered?

A.—McCarty died shortly after the start of a bout between him and Arthur Pelky. The coroner's jury decided death was not due to a blow but was caused by hemorrhage of the brain. McCarty was hurt riding horse before bout.

Q.—What are the measurements of Firpo and Tate?

A.—Six feet 3 inches tall, 216 pounds, 84 inches reach. Tate, 6 ft. 1 inch, 205 pounds, reach 79 inches.

Q.—Who is the tallest man in the game?

A.—Harry Wills, 6 ft. 3 in.

Joey Brett, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—How can I gain weight?

A.—Light exercise, careful diet, plenty of sleep. Buy "Training for Boxers" from the RING. You'll get the information you want.

Q.—Who will win a Tunney-Sharkey bout?

A.—Tunney on present form.

Gene James, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Is it posible for a heavyweight championship to go to a draw? Have any ever ended in a draw?

A.—Any bout limited to a specifie number of rounds, championship or otherwise, can be called a draw. Many title bouts have ended in draws.

Alex. Fiespi, Corona, N. Y.

Q.—Under the N. Y. State boxing rules, is a man supposed to go to his corner when a knockdown occurs?

A.—Man scoring knockdown is required to go to corner farthest from spot where knockdown takes place.

Mickey Mcgurie, Langley Field, Va.

Q.—Was there ever a fighter by the name of Ray McMillian who later fought under the name of Mickey Shannon? What has become of him?

A.—Died following a bout in Newark several years ago.

William Avery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What nationality is Eddie Anderson? How many times has he fought Joe Glick? How is he rated?

A.—American. Boxed Glick twice, losing decision and getting a draw. Anderson tough, slow, courageous, little boxing skill.

Q.—Who would win and Anderson-Frankie Fink bout?

A.—Toss up on present form of the men.

A. C. Beauman, Little Rock, Ark.

Q.—I am 16 years old, weigh 114 pounds, height 5 ft. 6 inches, am I under weight?

Q.—Can a fighter be tried for murder if his blow brings death to his opponent?
A.—No.

Q.—Does a fighter have to be professional to have his picture in THE RING?
A.—Yes.

Q.—Where does Tommy Freeman hail from?
A.—Hot Springs, Ark.

S. M. Powell, Henderson, N. C.

Q.—What is the record of Sammy Baker? Has he ever been k.o'd?
A.—Excellent. By Tommy Freeman in seven rounds, Jan. 1, 1926.

Q.—Did Tunney ever hold the light heavyweight championship of the world?
A.—American title only.

Herman Marte, Phila., Pa.

Q.—How old are Willard, Johnson, Tendler, Wills and Carpentier?
A.—(1) 44; (2) 49; (3) 29; (4) 35; (5) 33.

Ring Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—Give nationalities of (1) Jack De Mave, (2) George La Rocco, (3) Phil Krug, (4) Billy Vidabeck and (5) Davey Abad.
A.—(1) Hollander, (2) Italian, (3) German, (4) American, (5) Central American.

A. B. C., N. Y. C.

Q.—What city did One Round Hogan come from?
A.—San Francisco.

Jimmy Scott, Union City, New Jersey

Q.—I would like to become a second. Please tell me how I could learn and where to get my license.
A.—Join gymnasium. Get license from commission at Trenton.

Robert O'Conell, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—(1) How do you rate Joe Anderson, of Covington, Ky.? Would he have a chance against Joe Dundee? (2) Dempsey vs. Fitzsimmons, both in their prime? (3) Walker vs. Dave Shade?
A.—(1) Excellent; yes. (2) Fitzsimmons. (3) Shade.

Jimmie Mack, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—(1) Please name some fighters who defeated Tommny Freeman. (2) Who did he fight to a draw?
A.—(1) Jimmy Dunn, Al Munroe, Dude Martinez, Frank Jones. (2) Sammy Baker, Jack Zivic.

E. A. Berg, Daredo, Texas

Q.—I am in the army and have won 6 bouts with pros. Where could I get a good manager in New York? I am a middleweight.
A.—Write to C. J. Harvey, 2645 E. 22d St., Brooklyn.

Ace Bauchman, Little Rock, Ark.

Q.—(1) I am 16 years old, 5 feet 9 inches and weigh 125 pounds. Will I ever reach 175 pounds? (2) Who will win return Dempsey-Tunney bout? (3) Do you think Dempsey won fairly from Sharkey? (4) When will Maloney fight again?
A.—(1) With proper living and exercise. (2) Dempsey probably. (3) The blows in seventh were low. (4) We hope he quits. He is through as a fighter.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio

Q.—(1) Was Johnnny Dundee better fighter than Tony Canboneri? (2) Did Dempsey foul Sharkey? (3) Is Dempsey in good condition?
A.—(1) In his prime, yes. (2) The blows were below the belt. (3) Condition fair.

Q.—who would win a Mickey Walker-Tiger Flowers bout?
A.—Flowers on present form.

I. B. Brown, Schenectady, N. Y.

Q.—Who is the featherweight champion?
A.—None

Q.—What is Honeyboy Finnegan's right name? Nationality?
A.—Richard G. Finnegan. Born in Boston, August 22, 1902.

Q.—Did Bud Taylor ever fight Bushey Graham? Result?
A.—Yes. Lost 12 rounds to decision.

Al. Schaefer, New York City

Q.—(1) What are Solly Seemen's measurements? (2) Has he a chance for lightweight championship?
A.—(1) 5 feet 7 inches. (2) Judged by the way alleged leading lightweights sidestep Seemen, he would have a good chance to win title.

A Reader

Q.—(1) Who should win Sharkey-Delaney bout? (2) Who should win Sharkey-Paolino bout? (3) Wish to locate Tony Kelly, one time manager of Willie Harmon.
A.—(1) Sharkey. (2) Sharkey. (3) Send letter to Madison Square Garden.

A Subscriber, N. Y. City

Q.—(1) What are the measurements of Jack Renault and Billy Miske? (2) Could Renault defeat Sharkey and Wills? (3) Was Wills ever at any time a top notch fighter?
A.—(1) 6 feet 1 inch, 195 pounds; 6 feet, 185 pounds. (2) Renault too indolent to make a serious comeback. (3) Yes.

H. A., N. Y. City

Q.—(1) What are the heights and weights of Gunboat Smith, Frank Moran, Carl Morris and Arthur Pelkey? (2) Would Billy Miske have given Dempsey a real fight if he had not been sick at the time of the Benton Harbor fray? (3) Was Miske the type of fighter who fought to the last ditch? (4) How would he compare with the present crop of heavies?
A.—(1) 185 pounds, 5 feet 11 inches; 210 pounds, 6 feet; 235 pounds, 6 feet 4 inches; 207 pounds, 6 feet 1½ inches. (2) No. (3) Careful boxer. (4) Not very well.

John J. Fitzgerald

Q.—Who do you think would win the following bouts? (1) Mello vs. Freeman. (2) Mello vs. Baker. (3) Paolino vs. Sharkey. (4) Honeyboy Finnegan vs. Canzoneri. (5) M. Waler vs. Courtney. (6) Tunney vs. Dempsey.
A.—(1) Freeman. (2) Baker. (3) Sharkey. (4) Canzoneri. (5) Courtney. (6) Dempsey.

George & Cosmo

Q.—(1) Who would win a Monte Munn-Arthur DeKuh bout? (2) Who was the greatest Italian boxer? (3) Who was the greatest Jewish boxer? (4) Who would win a Ruby Goldstein-Rocky Kansas fight?
A.—(1) Munn. (3) Firpo. (3) Mendoza. (4) Goldstein.

A Boxing Fan

Q.—(1) What are the measurements of Monte Munn? (2) How is he rated? (3) Could he beat Jack Sharkey, Harry Wills, Paolino, Jack Dempsey? (4) Who is the youngest heavyweight challenger in the ring today? (5) Who would win in a Jack Delaney vs. Jack Dempsey match: Jack Sharkey vs. Monte Munn, Jack Delaney vs. Paulino vs. Jack Delaney; Jack Delaney vs. Tunney?
A.—(1) 200 pounds, 6 feet 2 inches. (2) Inexperienced but promising. (3) Might beat Wills, not the others. (4) Sharkey. (5) Dempsey, Sharkey, Delaney, Tunney.

Mike L. Skulos, Wheeling, W. Va.

Q.—(1) I am 16 years old, weight 165 pounds, am 5 feet 8 inches tall. What is my class? (2) How long would it take me to become a professional? (3) Would I make a good fighter if I possess a knockout punch and am a good athlete in high school? I have boxed for two and a half years as an amateur. (4) Should I go to college or join the professional ranks? I have knocked out many amateur boxers.
A.—(1) Light heavyweight. (2) The instant you fight for a purse. (3) Amateur boxing and athletics in your favor. (4) That is a question for you to decide.

John Keller

Q.—What are the weights and classes in amateur boxing?
A.—Same as in professional boxing. Fly 112; bantam, 118; featherweight, 126; light, 135; welter, 147; middle, 160; light heavy, 175.

Pete Comminos

Q.—(1) How can I put on solid muscles, out of fat? (2) What equipments to use?
A.—(1) By exercise. (2) Pulleys, punching bags, bending exercises. Buy "Training for Boxers" from THE RING office. Price $1.00.

Send your order in to The Ring, now for a copy of "How to Train," the price is $1.00. Only a limited number being printed. Now ready.

A Reader.

Q.—(a) What was Harry Greb's style of fighting? (b) I am 18 years old. Is it too late to enter the amateurs? (c) How can I learn Greb's style of fighting?
A.—(a) Getting in close and working both hands to face and body. (b) No. (3) Practice according to answer to (a).

W. Blinston.

Q.—(a) Did Jim Driscoll of Cardiff, Wales, ever hold the featherweight championship of the world? (b) Did Driscoll and Attell ever fight? (c) Who got the decision? (d) How many rounds?
A.—(a) No. (b) Yes, in 1909, in New York. (c) Decisions prohibited under Frawley law. (d) Ten rounds. Driscoll received unanimous decision of writers.

M. Levine.

Q.—(a) What class is Jackie Cohen in? (b) How would you rate him? (c) Who are two best men he has beaten? (d) Has he any chance for the title?
A.—(a) Bantam. (b) Excellent. (c) No record. (d) Problemadical.

Bill Beringer, Waco, Texas

Q.—I am 16 years old, weigh 143 lbs., 5 ft. 10½ inches. What will be my weight and height when I am 22 years old? Shall I begin boxing as amateur now?
A.—Should weigh 180 and be 6 feet tall. Sixteen right age to start boxing.

Donald Black, Rockford, Ill.

Q.—How much will I weigh at full growth? I am 20 years old now and weigh 155 lbs.?
A.—175 pounds.

Victor Perry, Newman, Calif.

Q.—Does boxing bring a man down, mentally and physically?
A.—Quite the contrary. Good habits are necessary.

Q.—What were Jimmy Wilde's proportions?
A.—5 feet 2½ inches tall, 108 pounds.

Q.—Are correspondence course in physical culture good?
A.—Can't do any harm, if not too strenuous. Jimmy Deforest course is good.

A Constant Reader, Santa Paul, Calif.

Q.—Who is considered the best boxer of his day? The hardest hitter?
A.—Corbett cleverest boxer, Fitzsimmons most effective hitter.

Q.—Were there many negro lightweights during Joe Gans' time?
A.—The best were Jerry Marshall, Bobby Dobbs, Dave Holly, Jack Backburn, Sam Bolen, all beaten by Gans.

Q.—Was there a fighter by the name of Jack Root? What was his nationality and what is he doing if living? How was he ranked?
A.—Born in Austria, May 26, 1876. Now in theatrical business in Los Angeles. Ranked as topnotch light heavy. Lost title to George Gardner.

Wm. Hamelstein, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am 17 years old, weigh 180 lbs., am 5 ft. 8 inches. What class am I in? How can I become an amateur?

A.—Heavyweight. Join the A. A. U., 305 Broadway.

Jack H. Ferry, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—How is Dempsey listed among the heavyweights?

A.—A topnotcher.

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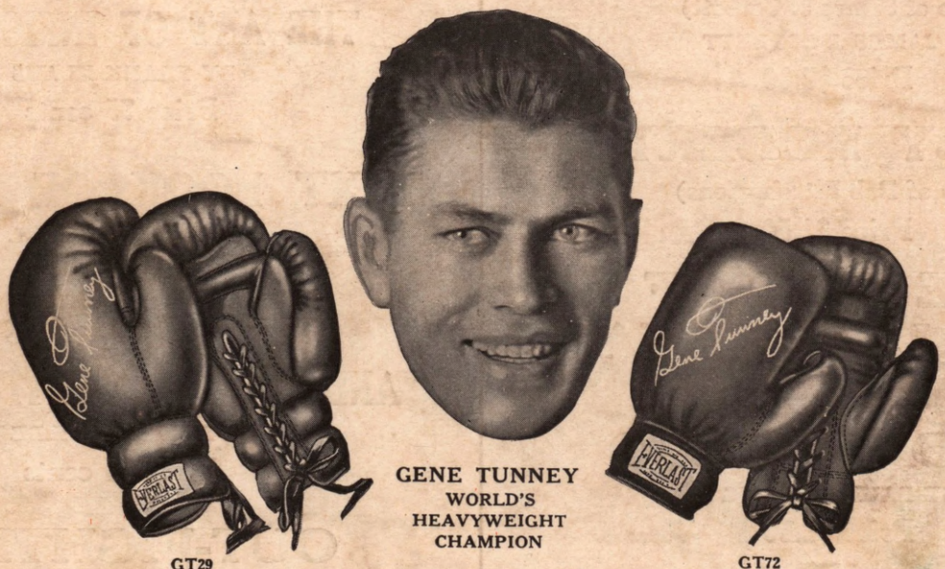

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